



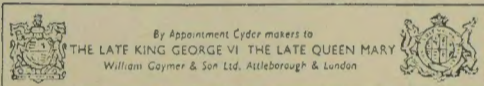
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"Oh, but it isn't, you know," said the March Hare. "We never have time to go out and get more Guinness betweenwhiles."

"Then you ought to tell them to bring it round," Alice sensibly remarked.

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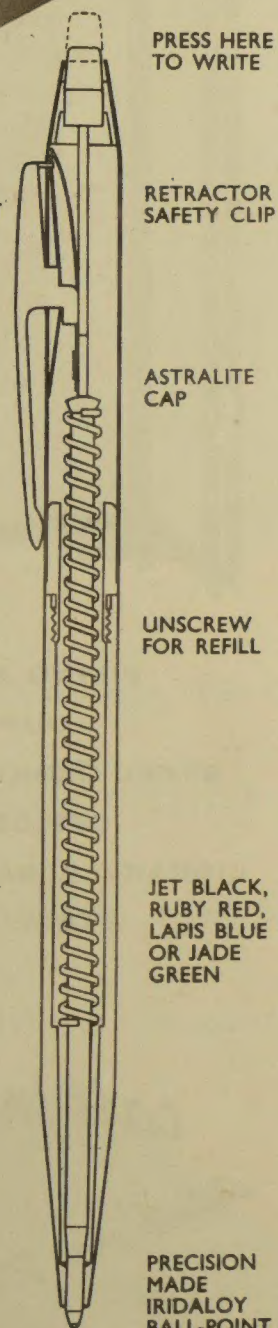
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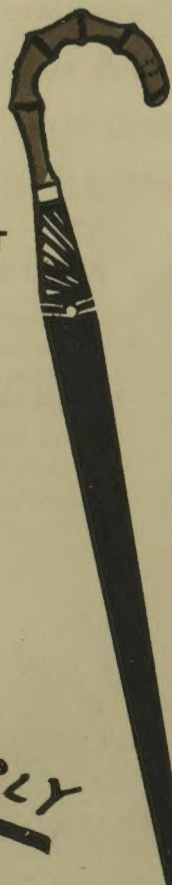
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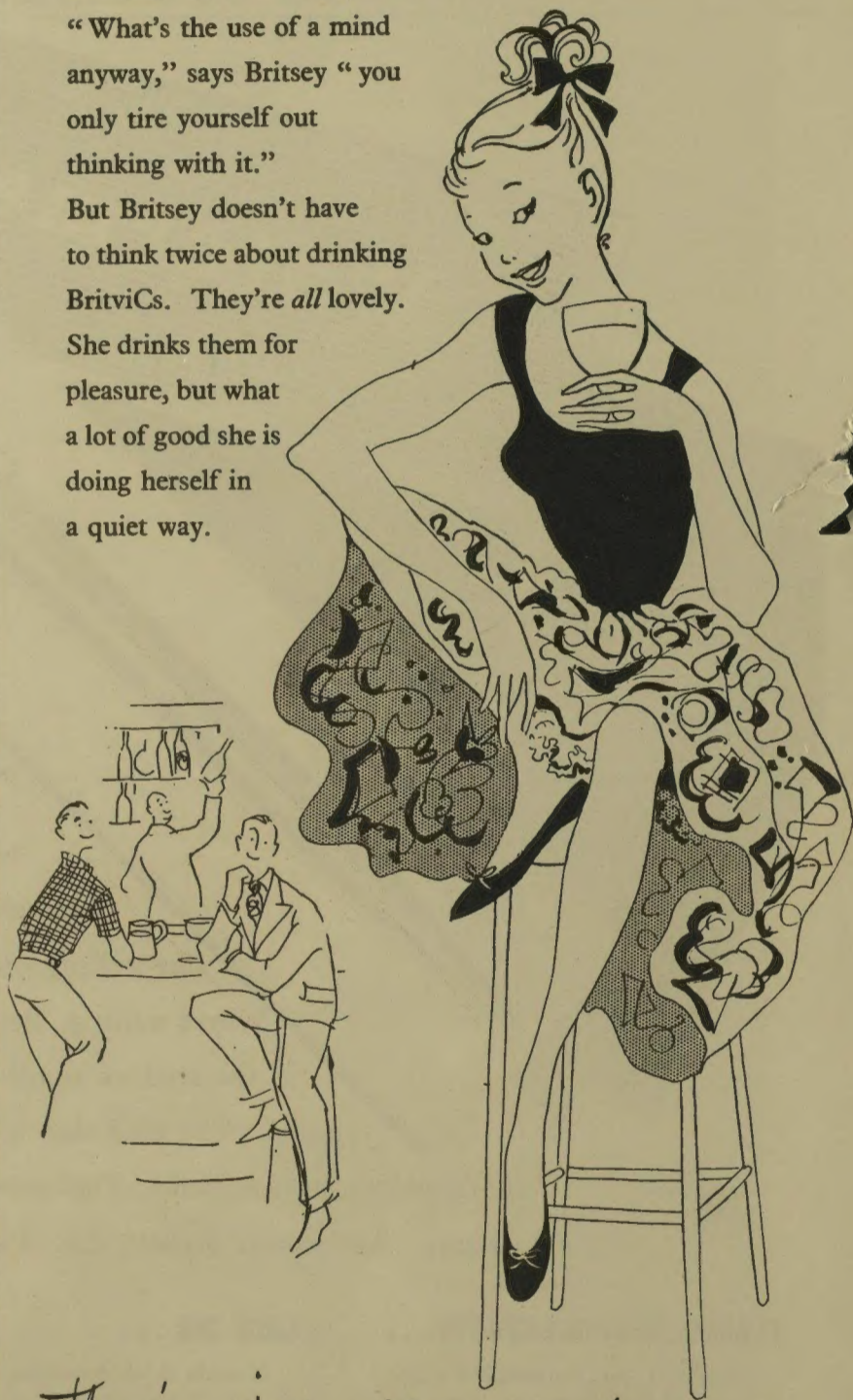
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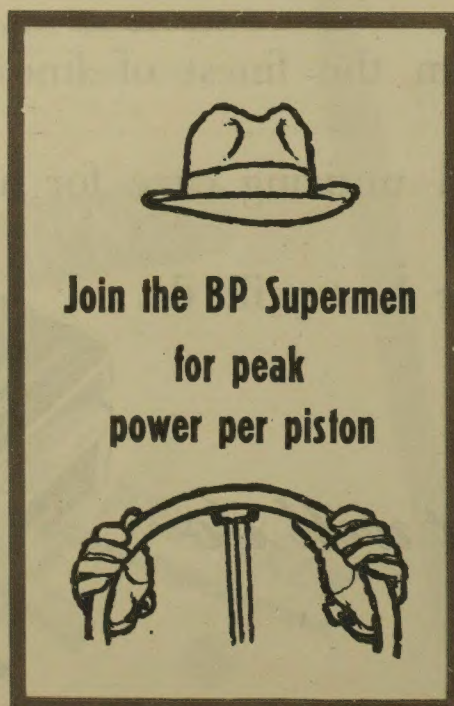
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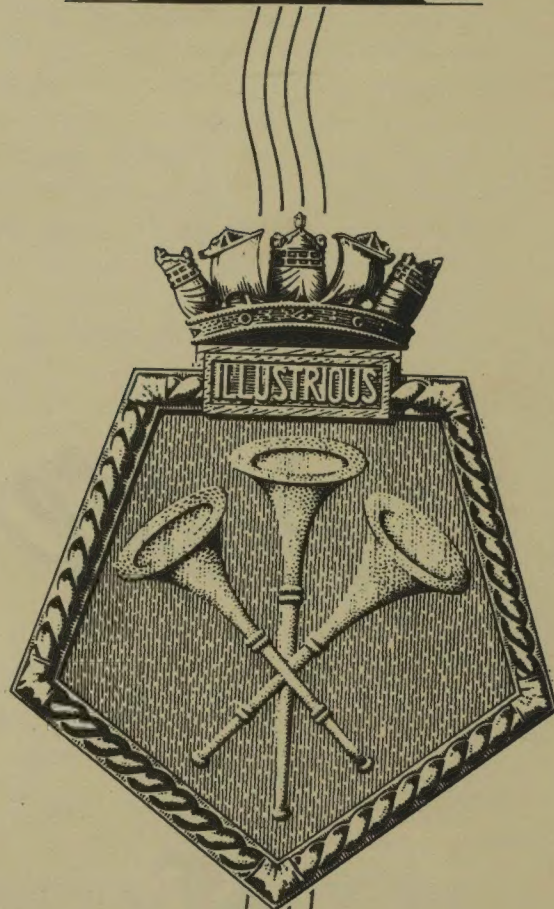
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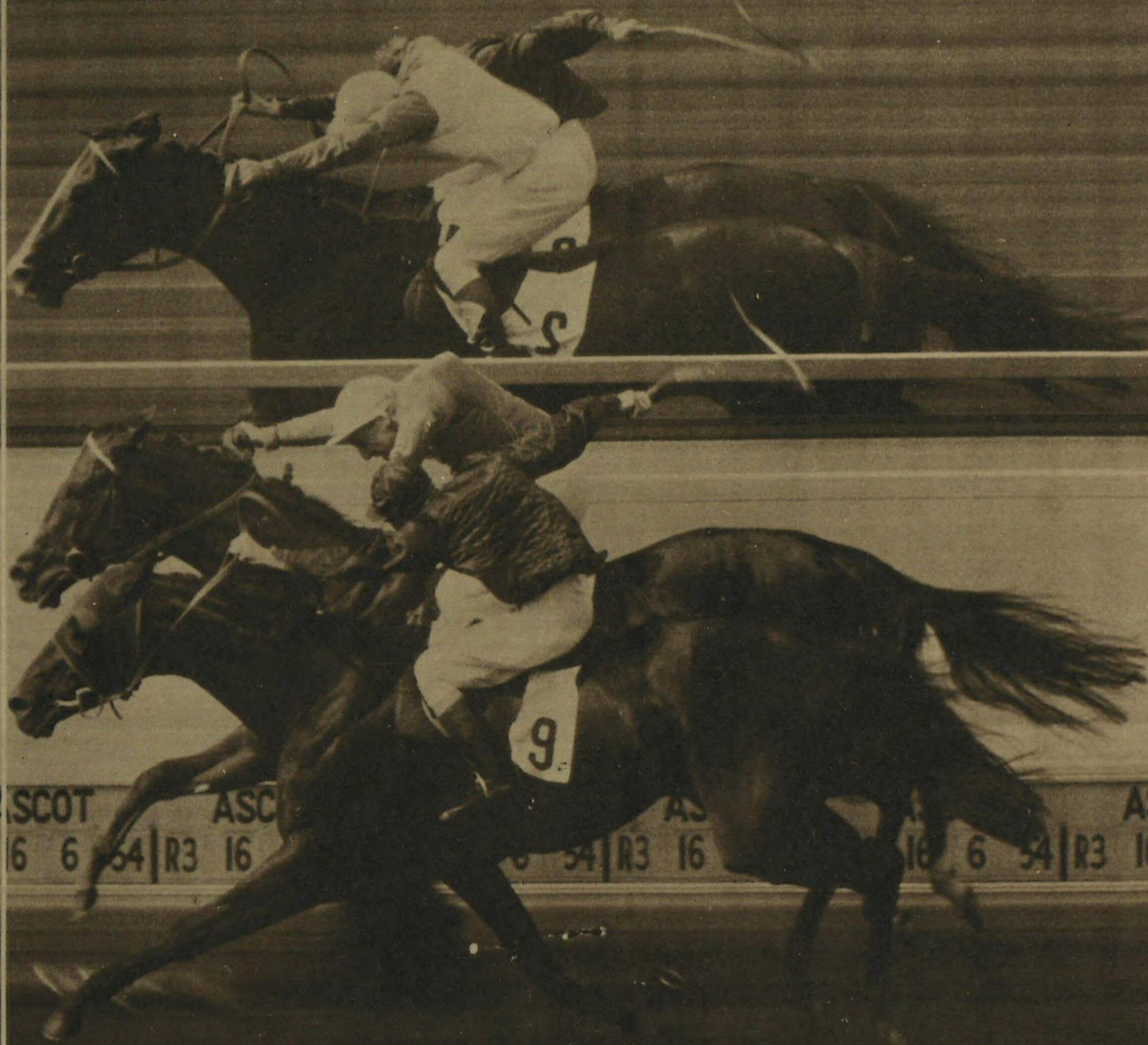
# GANNET



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SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1954.



RACE

EXAMINED BY THE JUDGE THROUGH A MAGNIFYING-GLASS BEFORE GIVING HIS DECISION: THE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP FINISH—CHIVALRY (NO. 9) WINNING FROM KING OF THE TUDORS.

The desperate race for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot on June 16 was decided by photo-finish, and the judge used a magnifying-glass when studying the photograph before giving the result as a win for Mr. Hatvany's *Chivalry* (Prince Chevalier—Ann of Austria) (Dominic Forte up) from Mr. F. W. Dennis's *King of the Tudors* (Tudor Minstrel—Glen Line) (K. Gethin up), by a short head. When the photograph was displayed, considerable discussion arose among racegoers, as many people thought that the photograph appeared to record a dead-heat. We

reproduce the official photograph, which shows *Chivalry* (No. 9) nearest the camera (lower). In the mirror reflection of this photograph (top), which shows the race as it appeared from the other side of the course, *Chivalry's* head does not seem to be visible beyond that of *King of the Tudors*. Illustrations of the Race Finish Recording Camera and of the Operations Room appear on another page. The camera includes a mirror in its field of view, and by means of this a record of the appearance of the finish from the opposite side of the course is obtained.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

OUR neighbours, the Russians, are so powerful to-day and have made themselves such a nuisance and menace to us with their power that it is easy to forget that they are human like ourselves, and subject to the same frailties and moral diseases. I was delighted, therefore, the other day to read in a newspaper an account of a campaign in the Soviet Press against a type of young person from whom we suffer in this country and from whom the all-powerful and deadly serious rulers of the Kremlin are also apparently suffering. For it seems that there are "spivs" and the Russian counterpart of "Teddy boys" in Moscow. A vigorous drive, we are told in the columns of such Soviet journals as *The Communist*, *Evening Moscow*, *Leninskaye Znamya*, *Kazakhstan Pravda* and *Turkmenkaya Iskra* is being directed, not this time against the effete capitalists, hypocritical bourgeois and hyena-like imperialists of the West, but against over-dressed and workshy young Russian proletarians who earn a living, not by honest toil in the factories and on the land, but by their wits: in other words, by shamelessly exploiting their fellow-creatures just like the degenerate aristocrats of old. One had supposed that such types had long ago been liquidated and eliminated from the Marxist paradise, but apparently they breed in even the purest and most purified of proletarian families. A man may have been a blameless factory-worker all his life, his father, grandfather and great-grandfather and all his ancestors on both sides of his family for dozens of generations may have been factory-workers, and yet there may be born to him and his virtuous working-class wife an unaccountable limb of the old Adam who shuns honest labour and, in his idle pursuit of unearned pleasure and irrational, vainglorious and frivolous display, apes all the vices of the old, banished capitalist society. It is enough to make even the most devout official of the U.S.S.R. despair of human nature and doubt the logic of the Communist dialectic. In last month's *Zarya Vostoka*, for instance, we are told, of a young musician named Pavlik "who began to sing romances to the accompaniment of a guitar." He had lived, the report said, a brief, unclouded life and was little troubled by his future destiny. The only disappointment he experienced was on those days when, "instead of an expected alpha plus for trigonometry, he received a modest beta minus." Yet one day neighbours heard him sing, to the accompaniment of a seven-string guitar: "I cannot live without champagne nor without the gypsy camp."

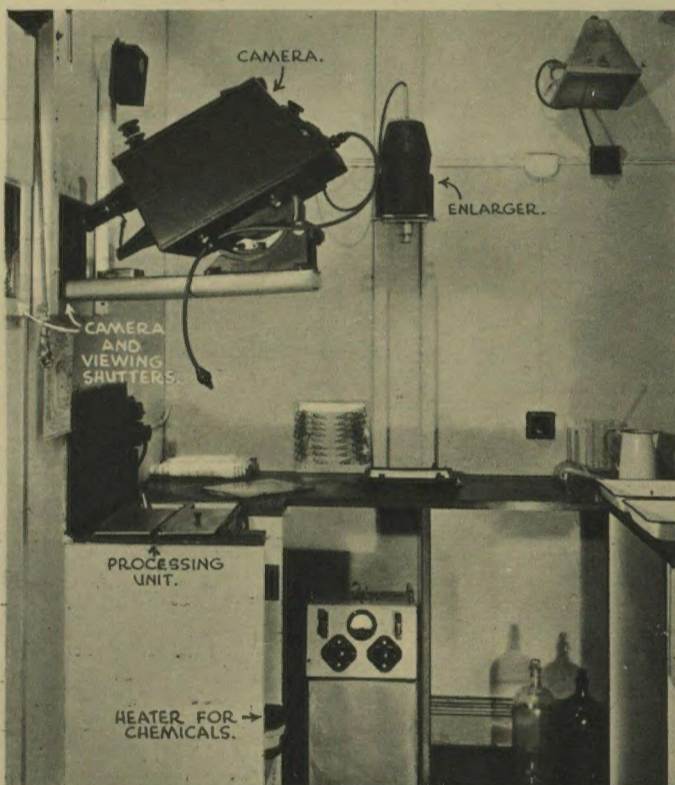
Parents and neighbours were seriously disturbed over Pavlik's acquiring "such an acute demand for things which were far from being his primary need." Where had he picked up the rollicking melody and such vulgar words of a song which used to be sung by merchants and hussars making merry in café sing-songs and in other places of evil repute in times long past? The next day, the story continues, Pavlik, wearing a smart suit, appeared at the local cinema where, with a bored look, he began to croon: "Now stained with wine is the cloth that was white, and sleep the hussars gone out like a light." Most shocking of all, "boys and girls of Pavlik's age crowded round the platform and fixed on the artist their admiring gaze." \* Something must be done, the newspaper continued, to protect Soviet youth from such deplorable vulgarity and depravity.

Perhaps as a result of this some new Anglo-Russian *rapprochement* will be achieved through a working contact between the Home Office and the Russian equivalent of that harassed and painstaking Department. "A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind," and what can be a stronger bond between virtuous men in authority—whatever tongue they speak or ideology they follow—than a common desire to stamp out naughtiness among their charges? To the true bureaucrat all the world over it is cakes and ale that are the real and eternal enemy of frail mankind, not the capitalist oppressor and imperialist. And short of drugging and imprisoning a whole nation and keeping it permanently drugged and imprisoned—an heroic attempt in which the Soviet bureaucracy has so far been able to make greater progress than our own grievously handicapped one—there seems little that can be done about the matter. Human nature will out, Marx and Sydney Webb notwithstanding, and all that a grossly overworked *Politburo* and Scotland

Yard can do is to slap it down whenever it rears, as it everywhere does, its ugly head. "I cannot live," comes the mocking, irrational, maddening voice of unregenerate humanity, "without champagne nor without the gypsy camp!"

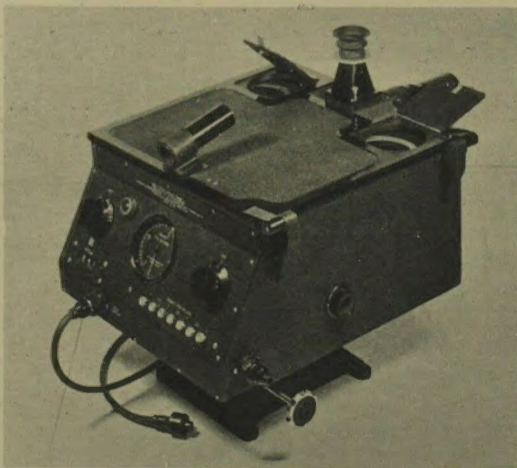
Perhaps, after all—and this may have been the virtue of the old discarded and discredited half-liberal, half-aristocratic European régimes of the nineteenth century—the best thing that those who govern mankind can do is to come to terms with human nature. A spree on the tiles and a policeman's helmet on the top of the Martyrs Memorial are not pleasant objects for a well-regulated mind to contemplate, but if occasionally turning a blind eye to them can help to preserve public order, political continuity and respect for law, it is better, perhaps, to turn it. Boys will be boys and, worse, girls girls! The world being what it is, the bureaucrat will only find perfection in Heaven or in his own files. For, as many Englishmen have always suspected, there is a fatal flaw in Fabianism: one which reveals itself in Marxism too. It is that human

#### PHOTO-FINISH AND HOW IT OPERATES.



WHERE A GOOD TEAM CAN HAVE A PHOTOGRAPH READY WITHIN NINETY SECONDS OF THE END OF A RACE: THE OPERATIONS ROOM.

As soon as a race is over, shutters are lowered over the camera and viewing apertures, thus turning the Operations Room into a dark room. The film (35-mm.) is then removed from the camera and processed in special solutions kept at a particularly high temperature. A negative is enlarged to make a 10 by 8 print. This is handed to the judge in a special frame with an adjustable reference line. Two operators work the device. Number one watches the race and calls out the settings, to which number two must adjust the camera controls accordingly. The quality of the recording depends largely on the senior operator's skill in estimating at what point the horses involved in the critical phase of the finish will cross the winning line. A good team will have a photograph ready for the judge to see within ninety-seconds of the end of a race.



SHOWING THE DETAILS OF ITS CONSTRUCTION: THE RACE FINISH RECORDING CAMERA.

The Race Finish Recording Camera is the camera installed under the authority of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to assist the judge in determining the winner of a race. It is based on the moving-film principle. The film travels through the focal plane behind a narrow slit and is adjusted to the speed of horses passing the finish line. The film is a progressive recording of the incidents occurring at the finish and there alone. A mirror is erected on the far side of the course, and thus the camera is able, on a single negative, to record the finish of a race as it is seen on both the near and the far sides of the course. On our front page we reproduce the official photograph of the finish of the Royal Hunt Cup at Royal Ascot, which shows the two pictures which appear on one negative recording the finish as seen from the two sides of the course.

beings want to enjoy themselves, and often in the most irrational ways, and that, though they usually find out in the end that this is not easily compatible with terrestrial existence, they are almost certain to have a try at it. And if a well-meaning officialdom, in its passion for perfection of regulation, denies them all opportunities for doing so, they are quite certain, sooner or later, to kick over the traces. That is what is happening in the People's Communist Republics and the Welfare State alike. The sleeping Hussar and "Gilbert the Filbert the Colonel of the Knuts" are still alive and will not sleep. Some years ago, just after the War, when the new Welfare State was at its drab best and most powerful, commenting on the occupation of a once wealthy and showy South Kensington by an army of bureaucrats, I wrote on this page: "The poor are better clad, better educated and infinitely better cared for in sickness and adversity than they were when I was a boy, though, thanks to the effect of two disastrous world wars, I gravely doubt whether, by and large, they are any better fed and housed. But they are no longer on the march. They are listless and waiting, unless my reading of my contemporaries' hearts and minds is at fault, for something that will fire their enthusiasm and satisfy their inextinguishable desire for the illusion and grandeur of this ever-imperfect, ever-restless world. In the meantime they crowd in their millions into the picture-houses, to gaze at the celluloid ghosts of a synthetic romance, or, deaf to the appeals of their political leaders, shower the potential savings with which our corrective fiscal and administrative system—at such an enormous expense of actuarial labour—endows them, into the pockets of pool-promoters, wide-boys and gambling emperors. . . . For men and women are flesh and blood, with the pride and fire of flesh and blood, and cannot be content with a paper kingdom alone. Nature abhors

a vacuum, and, unless the triumphant army of the clerkly can create a real kingdom of men in the place of that which they have destroyed, their triumph, for all their present apparent power, will inevitably be short-lived. . . . Their realm is too colourless, too bloodless to endure. A saucerless cup of tea and a filing-cabinet are not enough. Humanity will demand some more alluring symbol; the trumpet and tucket will sound once more, and the human multitude, glorious and absurd with banners, will set off on the march again towards the unattainable illusion, scattering the clerks and their fluttering pieces of paper into oblivion!" In 1946 when I wrote this, I doubt if anyone could have conceived of the sartorial absurdities and vanities of the young working-class lads who to-day call themselves "Edwardians" and ape, with such fantastic misunderstanding yet pathetic aspiration, the snobbery, flamboyance and insolent gaiety of a vanished age. Yet these poor, ill-guided lads, whose misconduct and bad manners have earned their self-chosen name such discredit, are expressing a deeply-felt need for something an over-regulated, over-egalitarian modern world denies them. If we want our society to endure, without revolution and breach of continuity, we have got to allow men and women, rich and poor alike, some way to fulfil a part of their aspirations for light, colour and distinction, for the satisfaction of that irrational, inextinguishable desire of humanity to stick a feather in its silly cap and occasionally throw it—or try to—over the moon!

\* *The Times*, "Through Soviet Eyes," May 12, 1954.



LANDAU WINS! PRINCESS MARGARET (THIRD FROM LEFT), ONE OF THE ROYAL PARTY, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY, ONE OF THE ROYAL PARTY, THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, LORD PORCHESTER, LADY MAY ABEL SMITH, CAPTAIN CHARLES MOORE; (BEHIND) MR. OLIVER MILLAR, SIR ERIC MIEVILLE, LORD HAMBLEDEN, THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND LADY OGILVY.



(ABOVE.) HER MAJESTY WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER, PRINCESS MARGARET AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, AND HER TRAINER, CAPTAIN BOYD-ROCHFORD, WITH AUREOLE, IN THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE; AND (LEFT) AUREOLE WINNING FROM JANITOR; THE PHOTO-FINISH RECORD



ARRIVING FOR WHAT WAS TO BE A DAY IN WHICH THE ROYAL COLOURS WERE TWICE CARRIED FIRST PAST THE POST: THE QUEEN IN A CARAMEL-COLOURED DRESS AND HAT, AND MINK CAPE, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



ILLUSTRATING THE CLOSE ATTENTION AND KEENNESS WITH WHICH HER MAJESTY FOLLOWED THE PROGRESS OF THE RACING: THE QUEEN, IN THE ROYAL BOX, POINTING OUT SOMETHING OF INTEREST.

#### ASCOT—THE ROYAL WINNING DAY: THE QUEEN'S SUCCESS IN TWO RACES ON THE FINAL DAY OF THE MEETING.

June 18, last day of Royal Ascot, was indeed a Royal occasion, for, as noted on our double page, two of the Queen's horses, *Landau* and *Aureole*, won, and her third runner was second. In the Rous Memorial Stakes, *Landau* (*Dante—Sun Chariot*), Sir Gordon Richards up, won by four lengths in convincing style. In the Hardwicke Stakes, there were only four runners; and *Aureole* (*Hyperion—Angelola*), ridden by E. Smith, looked to have the race won some two furlongs from home, but Mercer, on *Janitor*, made a strong challenge and he and *Aureole*

flashed past the post together, but the photo-finish revealed a win for *Aureole*. Corporal (*Court Martial—Carmen*) ran well, but *Summer Solstice* was too fast for him in the Windsor Castle Stakes, and he was second. Her Majesty went twice to the unsaddling enclosure to see her winners. In the morning, the Duke of Edinburgh's quickness in seeing a wire which had fallen and giving warning saved the Queen from an accident when riding on the Ascot course. In the evening her Majesty gave the Waterloo banquet in the Waterloo Chamber.



## GUATEMALA—SCENE OF A REVOLUTIONARY UPRISING AND REBEL INVASION: ITS CAPITAL AND RIVAL LEADERS.

GUATEMALA, whose Left Wing Government has been held to have strong Communist tendencies, has for some time seemed likely to be a source of trouble in Central America. As previously reported, a shipload of arms (about 2000 tons) from Stettin reached Puerto Barrios in early May, and on May 25 it was reported that the United States was expediting its exports of arms to Guatemala's neighbour, [Continued below.]

(LEFT.) A MAP SHOWING THE RELATION OF GUATEMALA TO ITS NEIGHBOURS, MEXICO, BRITISH HONDURAS, HONDURAS AND EL SALVADOR; AND THE LOCATION OF ITS PRINCIPAL PORTS, PUERTO BARRIOS AND SAN JOSE.



THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS OF GUATEMALA CITY, WHICH IN EARLY REPORTS WERE ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN BOMBED. THESE REPORTS WERE SUBSEQUENTLY DENIED.



GUATEMALA CITY, FROM A HILL ON ITS OUTSKIRTS. IT HAS A POPULATION OF ABOUT 294,000 INHABITANTS AND IS THE CENTRE OF GOVERNMENT. IN THE RIGHT CENTRE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE MASS OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF GUATEMALA CITY. ALTHOUGH REBEL AIRCRAFT FLEW OVER THE CITY, EARLY REPORTS OF BOMBING AND STRAFING WERE LATER DENIED.



THE PRESIDENT OF GUATEMALA, COLONEL JACOBO ARBENZ GUZMAN, USUALLY CALLED COLONEL ARBENZ, WITH HIS WIFE: HE WAS INAUGURATED IN 1951.

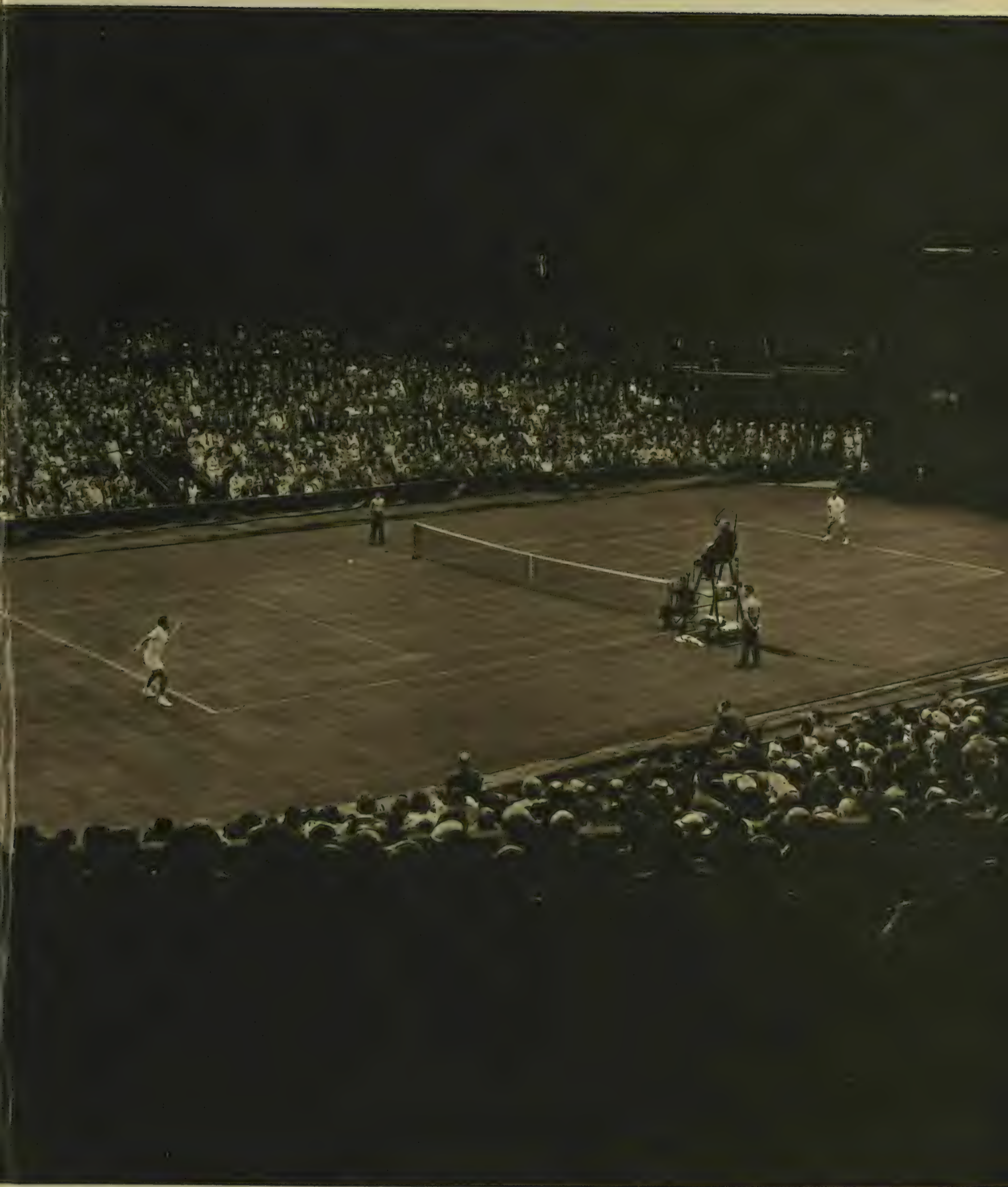
[Continued.]

Honduras, and also to Nicaragua. On June 8 the Guatemalan Government suspended the Constitution, including the article establishing freedom of expression. On June 18 it was reported in New York that serious uprisings had taken place in Guatemala; and the same day the Guatemalan Foreign Minister, Señor Toriello, told a Press conference in Guatemala City that "the battle for Guatemala had begun," and



COLONEL CARLOS CASTILLO ARMAS, THE LEADER OF THE "LIBERATION ARMY," THE REBEL FORCES WHICH INVADDED GUATEMALA, PHOTOGRAPHED AT TEGUCIGALPA.

that troops mobilised on the Honduran border were preparing to invade. On June 20 the U.N. Security Council agreed to hear a complaint by Guatemala that she was the victim of aggression; and a motion that the matter should be referred to the Organisation of American States was vetoed by Russia. The leader of the anti-Communist forces is the Guatemalan exile, Colonel Armas.



INTO BATTLE AT WIMBLEDON: A MEN'S SINGLES MATCH IN PROGRESS ON THE FAMOUS CENTRE COURT ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE 68TH ALL-ENGLAND LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The 68th All-England Lawn Tennis Championships opened at Wimbledon on June 21. It was Mid-Summer's Day, but the fickle June sun ignored the date and spent most of the time behind the clouds. The Centre Court, famous throughout the world, was in excellent condition and playing very fast. This court is played on for only twelve days each year, during the All-England Championships, and no effort is spared to keep it in its state of customary perfection. In accordance with tradition, the opening match on the Centre Court was between the holder, V. Seixas (U.S.A.), who met G. A. Cass, of Great Britain, whom he beat in forty minutes.

Our photograph was taken during the second match on the Centre Court, in which J. Drobny (Egypt—nearest camera) defeated J. Arkinstall of Australia, 6—3, 6—3, 6—3. Usually the opening day at Wimbledon is not particularly exciting, but the large crowd there on June 21 saw a thrilling match, the last of the day on the Centre Court, when K. Rosewall of Australia, seeded No. 3, took two exciting hours to beat A. Segal, a South African left-hander, 7—5, 4—6, 8—6, 8—6. Earlier, Britain's No. 1 player, A. J. Mottram, suffered a signal defeat at the hands of M. G. Rose, of Australia, who defeated him by 6—1, 6—2, 6—3.

SPOTLIGHT ON WIMBLEDON, 1954: LEADING ASPIRANTS FOR THE LAWN TENNIS SINGLES TITLES, THE COVETED TROPHIES, AND THE WORLD-FAMOUS COURTS.



T. TRABERT (U.S.A.)  
Seeded No. 1 at Wimbledon.



L. A. HOAD (Australia).  
Seeded No. 2 at Wimbledon.



K. R. ROSEWALL (Australia).  
Seeded No. 3 at Wimbledon.

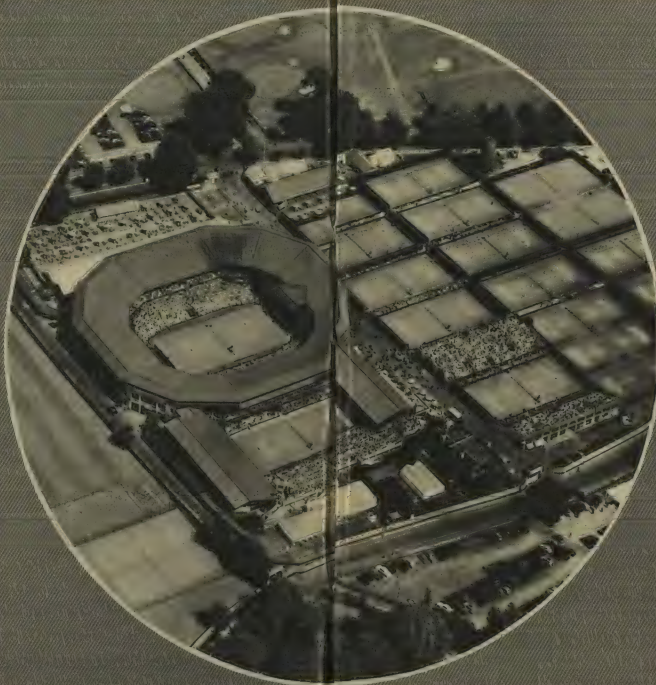


MISS D. HART (U.S.A.)  
Seeded No. 2 at Wimbledon.



MISS S. FRY (U.S.A.)  
Seeded No. 3 at Wimbledon.

THE seedings for the 1954 All-England lawn tennis championships, which started at Wimbledon on Monday, June 21, were announced on June 15. This year the Wimbledon authorities have seeded twelve players for the Men's Singles, as was done in 1952, although last year there was a return to the old practice of seeding only eight. Nine of the seeded players come from the United States and Australia, five from the former and four from the latter. Again this year Great Britain has no representative among the leading men aspirants for the Singles title. The United States again dominate the Women's [Continued opposite]



LOOKING DOWN ON THE BATTLE ARRENA OF WORLD LAWN TENNIS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE BUSY WIMBLEDON SCENE, SHOWING THE FAMOUS CENTRE AND OTHER COURTS, THE PLAYERS, AND THE SWARMS OF TENNIS ENTHUSIASTS. (Photograph by Aerofilms Ltd.)



MISS M. CONNOLLY (U.S.A.)  
Seeded No. 1 at Wimbledon, 1953 holder.

[Continued]  
Singles, holding six of the eight places. Seeded Nos. 6 and 7 respectively are the two British players, Miss A. Mortimer and Miss H. Fletcher. Two well-known American players, both previous holders of the Championship, Miss L. Brough and Mrs. Du Pont, who were absent from Wimbledon last year, are making a welcome re-appearance. At the top of the list is, of course, Miss Maureen Connolly, the nineteen-year-old reigning champion. This year the outdoor preparations for the Wimbledon fortnight were somewhat delayed by the wet weather, but the Centre Court was reported to be in excellent condition.



M. G. ROSE (Australia).  
Seeded No. 5 at Wimbledon.



A. LARSEN (U.S.A.)  
Seeded No. 6 at Wimbledon.



B. PATTY (U.S.A.)  
Seeded No. 7 at Wimbledon.



R. HARTWIG (Australia).  
Seeded No. 8 at Wimbledon.



MRS. W. D. DU PONT (U.S.A.)  
Seeded No. 5 at Wimbledon.



MISS A. MORTIMER (G.B.)  
Seeded No. 6 at Wimbledon.



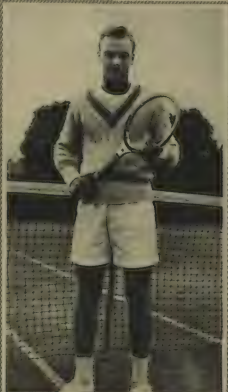
MISS H. FLETCHER (G.B.)  
Seeded No. 7 at Wimbledon.



MRS. E. PRATT (U.S.A.)  
Seeded No. 8 at Wimbledon.



TO BE HELD FOR A YEAR BY THE WINNER OF THE ALL-ENGLAND SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP: THE MEN'S TROPHY.



V. SEIXAS (U.S.A.)  
Seeded No. 4 at Wimbledon, 1953 holder.



S. DAVIDSON (Sweden).  
Seeded No. 9 at Wimbledon.



K. NIELSEN (Denmark).  
Seeded No. 10 at Wimbledon.



J. DROBNY (Egypt).  
Seeded No. 11 at Wimbledon.



C. MULLOY (U.S.A.)  
Seeded No. 12 at Wimbledon.



MISS L. BROUGH (U.S.A.)  
Seeded No. 4 at Wimbledon.



INScribed WITH THE NAMES OF HOLDERS OF THE SINGLES TITLE: THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP CHALLENGE PLATE.

## A GERMAN "SECRET" WEAPON—THE V.2 STORY.

"V.2"; By MAJOR-GENERAL WALTER DORNBERGER. Translated from the German by James Cleugh and Geoffrey Halliday.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MAJOR-GENERAL DORNBERGER was the boss of the German flying-bomb and rocket-bomb experimental centres for many years before the war, and during the war. The earlier developments he explains on two grounds. One is that the German Government (pre-Nazi) was precluded from having certain things by the Treaty of Versailles, they wished to obey the Treaty, so felt constrained to invent non-forbidden weapons—which is ridiculous, since the Germans began rearming (speaking metaphorically) on the day after the Armistice in 1918, and had aeroplanes working with the Fleet at exercises in 1933, at a time when our politicians were saying that they had no such things. His other explanation is that he and his scientific collaborators were enthusiasts for space-travel.

There have been, he explains, three main inventions in the history of mankind. The first was the wheel, which enabled us to move on land. The second was the screw, which accelerated our motion through the water, and facilitated our motion through the air: and the third was the liquid-propelled rocket, which may make possible the exploration of Outer Space.



SHORTLY BEFORE LAUNCHING AT TEST STAND X, PEENEMÜNDE, IN JANUARY 1945: A 4B ROCKET (FORERUNNER OF THE A9).

Here he is on firmer ground. Even during the war he and his colleagues were accused by desperate Nazis of taking more interest in the scientific possibilities of planetary travel than in terrifying the English into surrender. He still dreams of getting to the planets by rocket; though he says that the problem of getting back to Earth has not yet been solved. Let him fulfil his dream—he is brave enough to try it, and one trouble about the Germans is that they are brave—but let him, when he chooses his planet, choose Mars. Were he to go to Venus, he would cheerfully inform the goddess that her place was with the children, in church; and in the kitchen. She would take her revenge. The Germans would be beaten once more. And the Germans would start rearming once more.

Shortly before this war I sat up for most of the night with an old and close German friend, a European, a gentleman, and (it follows) not a Nazi. Rather late I asked him why on earth we couldn't come together. His answer was: "The trouble is that we're centuries behind you." That gulf is perceptible in General Dornberger's book.

His photograph appears on the jacket. He has a humorous mouth, and wrinkles of laughter around his eyes. Were one to meet him, he would cheerfully spare a glass of wine, quote Goethe (whom he does, in this book quote) and murmur "*Schön, schön*," about the wavelets on the lake reflecting the evening sunshine. He was dreadfully upset when British and American bombers came and destroyed a great part of his rocket station at Peenemünde, and a great many poor

civilians were killed. But when his "V.2's" (which even when most carefully adjusted, could not always hit even so large a target as the County of London, let alone reaching England at all) are under consideration he complacently claims credit for having killed two or three thousand English men, women and children with rather more than that number of rockets, and argues indignantly that bomber-planes couldn't have killed that number at half the cost.

He is also peevish that the stupid people in authority didn't let his organisation go all out earlier than they did. Had they been given their head, he thinks, Germany might have won the war. It doesn't seem to occur to him that in that event Europe would have been in even worse case than it is now: when at least one corner has been precariously preserved for Western Civilisation. "*Krieg ist krieg*." The words the Germans used in the first war were "*Schrecklichkeit*" (frightfulness) and "*Spurlos versenken*" (sunk without trace). Once there is a war, win it at all costs, despite all rules and all considerations of honour. As for the consequences—"damn the consequences."

The General's chief grouse is against the stupid Nazis and bureaucrats, from Hitler downwards, who held him up and gave priority to other things. He quotes General Eisenhower as saying: "If the Germans had succeeded in perfecting these new weapons six months earlier and putting them into action as opportunity arose, it is probable that our invasion of Europe would have come up against tremendous difficulties and in certain circumstances might have become impossible. I am certain that after six months of such action 'Operation Overlord,' the attack on Europe from England, would have had to be written off."

It's the old song: it wasn't the German Army which lost the war, but the politicians. But, although as an English civilian, I am diffident about challenging the opinion of an American general, I must confess that I cannot see upon what grounds General (now President) Eisenhower's opinion was formed. I see no reason to suppose that an earlier six-months bombing by the German rocketeers should have had more effect upon this country or the Allied Cause than the six-months bombing which was inflicted upon us.

Up went those things, 125 miles through the air, into the stratosphere, into the almost-absent-atmosphere where friction scarcely existed and Newton might joyfully have observed his Laws of Motion, and down, in some conic section, influenced by violent wind-currents, they dropped. Aimed, if aimed at all, at Woolwich, they dropped at Surbiton or Streatham. One dropped in Westminster; sent a snowstorm of blasted glass across the room in which I was working for this periodical; produced a drop of blood from my left hand, and left a tiny scar which, in certain lights, is still visible. Suppose a larger fragment of glass had cut my throat: it happened to a friend of mine. How would that have helped the Germans to win the



A WOODEN "MOCK-UP" OF A V.2 ON ITS TRANSPORTER (MEILLERWAGEN) USED BY FIELD UNITS, FEBRUARY 1942.

(Illustrations reproduced from the book "V.2"; by courtesy of the publishers, Hurst and Blackett.)

war? My friends and relations, not liable to be terrorised by the Germans, would have been even more fiercely resolved to beat the what-not Germans and the strictly-rationed country would have had one less useless mouth to feed.

Subject to General Eisenhower's correction, I fail to see how a few thousand more and earlier rockets could have influenced the course of proceedings. Weymouth (to take a conjectural example of an embarkation port for D-Day) is a much smaller area

than London; rockets aimed at that town might have hit Dorchester or Blandford or merely made craters on Salisbury Plain; and, as for railway-lines, even a low-diving aeroplane could easily miss them. The embarkation ports, moreover, were mainly farther from the V.2 bases than London was; and some of them perhaps out of range. The author, however, is merely trying to justify himself as against Hitler and Company.

There is a good deal of technical stuff in this book which is beyond my comprehension, but which



MAJOR-GENERAL WALTER DORNBERGER, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Major-General Walter Dornberger, scientist and soldier, was in charge of research and development of the liquid-propellant rocket in the German Army from 1930 to 1945. He controlled the vast experimental station at Peenemünde.



JANUARY 1945: PREPARING A V.2 FOR LAUNCHING FROM A SPECIAL TRAIN.

may assist future rocket-bomb makers in their developments, and may even help some of them to get to the moon and form a community of Lunatics. But there is also a great deal of more human stuff about Hitler, in decline, Goering, in decline, Himmler, coldly after power, and a world of underlings, greedy for money or power. The Nazis were parvenu revolutionaries: the German gentry hardly appear in this book, and those of them who do appear are soldiers who learned too late to what a monster they had harnessed themselves by their oaths. Goebbels' Diaries, with their fierce hatred of anybody born in a sphere above their author, bear out this conclusion. How anybody can describe the Nazis as "Right Wing," which used, on the Continent, to mean Conservative, beats me hollow.

But, I suppose, it doesn't really. For, nowadays, anyone who is in opposition to the State-Socialist Imperialists in Moscow is called "Right Wing" all over the world. It is a useful word: like "reactionary."

General Dornberger, being no politician, does not use such words. He is ardent on behalf of "Deutschland über Alles," and still keen on Inter-Planetary Travel. A pure scientist, like the people here who first split the atom; and who were, really, not responsible for the uses to which the deplorable human race put their discoveries.

A readable book, nevertheless; and the illustrations are good; mainly of huge vertical rockets preparing for flight, or in flight with flames streaming behind them.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1108 of this issue.

\* "V.2." By Major-General Walter Dornberger. Translated from the German by James Cleugh and Geoffrey Halliday. Foreword by Willy Ley. Illustrated. (Hurst and Blackett; 16s.)



MR. BILLY GRAHAM WHOSE "PLAIN DELIVERY" OF A PLAIN MESSAGE CONCERNING SOME OF THE FUNDAMENTAL CHRISTIAN TRUTHS ... HAS, IN THE OPINION OF THE PRIMATE, GIVEN A GREAT IMPETUS TO A SPIRITUAL REVIVAL IN BRITAIN.

During his Greater London campaign, Mr. Billy Graham, the American evangelist who left this country on June 12 to begin his Scandinavian campaign, addressed audiences totalling 1,336,500. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, who pronounced the Blessing at his final London meeting in Wembley Stadium, wrote of him in the *Canterbury Diocesan Notes*: "There was no 'revivalism,' nor was there great oratory or profundity, but just a plain delivery of a plain message concerning some of the fundamental Christian truths about God's Gospel and man's need," and in analysing the great appeal of Mr. Graham, considered:

"Speaking from the human end, that it is due to the great humility and sincerity of Dr. Graham himself, coupled with a great personal attractiveness . . .", and added: "I think it is due also to the moment at which this mission took place. . . . It came when, as I think, a fairly widespread beginning of a return to the Christian religion had already set in." Speaking at the Mansion House on June 15, the Archbishop again said that a spiritual revival had begun to come in sight in Britain before Mr. Billy Graham reached these shores. "But," he went on, "I think he gave it a great impetus."

A NUMBER of people in this country have lately been making use of a persuasive plea, "Ban the H-Bomb," without, I cannot help thinking, much consideration of what such a policy would entail. The subject has been to the fore, and Soviet Russia has also been saying, "Ban the H-Bomb." This sounds a reasonable catch-word. Get rid of the horror which overhangs mankind, and then seek to remove differences, which will prove more tractable once it has been removed. By comparison, the plea of the West for a preliminary reduction of armaments, looks chilly and unpromising. Yet when we come to examine the question, what do we see? The banning of the hydrogen bomb and atomic bomb would put a premium on what are now called "conventional" forces. In these forces Soviet Russia and her allies possess the monopoly of superior strength. When we consider the temperament, ideals, and economic circumstances of the nations which play the chief part in the North Atlantic Treaty, it becomes plain that they cannot compete in the raising of mass armies.

If, therefore, they were to strip themselves of the new weapons in their various forms, either by simple pledge not to use them or by an international system of inspection which would prevent them from being manufactured or stored, these nations would at the same time strip themselves of the power to withstand Russian arms in Europe. They would not be in a position to prevent Russia over-running the whole continent. It may be that Russia does not intend to do so, but in that case it would be unfair to put before her a temptation to sin. Only those who hold without reservation the doctrine of non-resistance—they are respectable but not very numerous—or those who want to see the West half-naked in face of Russia would, on reflection, desire that we should abandon a weapon retention of which alone affords us the hope of victory in war. In other words, only the simple-minded or the treacherous can advocate this policy. Russia herself spoiled a chance of controlling atomic energy when she refused to accept the Baruch plan, because the principle of international inspection aroused her suspicions.

While this discussion has been going on, other people have come to the conclusion that the very horror of the new weapons affords a reasonable chance, not of their being banned if a world war should take place, but of their preventing the occurrence of a world war. The Prime Minister has said something to this effect. The notion forms part of the argument of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor in his book "Strategy for the West," but he, in one place at least, goes too far in his reliance on the hydrogen bomb as a preventive. I think we are entitled to calculate coolly that realisation of the effects of the hydrogen bomb is likely to be a factor making for peace, or at least, for avoidance of great and unrestricted wars. It seems to me quite another matter to assume with certainty that this must be so. There can be no certainty about the matter and it would be dangerous from more than one point of view to lead people to believe that there is.

It is certainly far from pleasant to live in a world in which the bomb exists in increasing quantities, but obviously better than to live in a world in which the bomb is being dropped. I have no enthusiasm for it as a weapon. I have always considered that the two atomic bombs ought not to have been dropped on Japanese cities. Yet, in default of new inventions which may render it innocuous—not very likely, certainly not very near, but just conceivable—I have come to the conclusion that the West must depend upon it. It is true that no absolute guarantee exists of the United States, with the aid of Britain, keeping the start which is at present so valuable to them and their friends; yet I do not feel that there is much danger of her losing it if she maintains the will to keep it. I am afraid that, for the present, there exists no better policy than that of preparedness for a heavy counter-stroke in the event of attack. And this is not, as has generally been the case with military preparations in the past, a policy to be concealed, but one to be made perfectly plain.

The fact that I myself have no more positive policy to advocate makes me careful in my criticism of that advocated by Sir John Slessor. His is positive. It is, in brief, a new pact which would include the Federal Republic of Germany, and all Germany if Germany should be reunited. The essence of this project is the commitment that any party which broke the pact would be attacked by other members of it. On the side of the West, all forces would be withdrawn within their own frontiers, and those of the United States to their own side of the Atlantic. "Americans, go home!" There would be no pressure on Russia to withdraw hers; we should simply announce that ours were going by a certain date. Sir John Slessor does not suppose that Russia would call back hers at once, but considers

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### MILITARY POLICY AND PEACE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

it possible that she might do so eventually. It is ingenious, but I do not think it is sound. It might well lead to the communization of Germany, with little Soviets in the Ruhr. The effects in France might be even more calamitous.

The strongest point in its favour is the argument that it would provide an assurance policy to France on the subject of a rearmed Germany, which Sir John, like myself, takes to be inevitable in the long run. I

#### DAMAGED BUT NOW REPAIRED: THE SIR JOHN DILL MEMORIAL IN WASHINGTON.



REPLACING THE TOP OF THE ORIGINAL FIELD MARSHAL'S BATON WHICH WAS PRISED OFF BY VANDALS: A NEW ST. GEORGE AND DRAGON FOR THE BRONZE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN DILL IN ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY, WASHINGTON.



WITH THE NEWLY CAST ST. GEORGE AND DRAGON REPLACING THE ONE STOLEN FROM THE TOP OF THE FIELD MARSHAL'S BATON: THE STATUE OF SIR JOHN DILL IN ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY AND, ON THE LADDER, MR. HERBERT HASSETTINE, THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN SCULPTOR OF THE STATUE, WHO CARRIED OUT THE REPAIR.

During a recent visit to Washington the well-known American sculptor, Mr. Herbert Hassetline, replaced the St. George and the Dragon on the Field Marshal's baton on the statue of Field Marshal Sir John Dill, the original having been prised off by vandals. The bronze equestrian statue of Field Marshal Sir John Dill, who died in Washington on November 4, 1944, was unveiled at his grave in Arlington National Cemetery on November 1, 1950, by General George Marshall in the presence of Mr. Truman and other distinguished persons. The heroic size statue, the work of Mr. Herbert Hassetline, was commissioned by a committee of distinguished Americans as a tribute to a great British soldier who was head of the British Mission to the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington during World War II. Mr. Hassetline returned to Paris last month after spending some months in the United States collecting data for his George Washington monument which will be erected in Washington. [Photograph by Cecilia S. R. Rogers.]

doubt, however, whether even in this respect it would prove acceptable. The observance of all pacts is based on the good will of the Governments which subscribe to them, and in the case of democratic States, on that of the peoples also. A pact of this peculiar kind would impose a heavy strain upon them. Even if they were strong-minded enough to bear that strain—which might mean dropping an atomic or a hydrogen bomb upon an offending Power with which they had been

on good terms—would it be accepted in advance that they were so strong-minded? National honesty varies, but it is seldom as high as that of a high-minded individual. A high-minded individual might have turned down the plan to destroy the French squadron at Mers-el-Kebir or that of intervention in Persia. I fear such a pact would be suspect, and so unreliable.

As I have said, there is ingenuity in the proposal, and this is true of others proceeding from Sir John Slessor. Yet he is strangely illogical. At an early stage he reads the N.A.T.O. countries a lesson in economy of force. It is absurd, he says, for all States to want their own navies, armies, and air forces, as far as their means go to a pattern. It would be more economical to allot certain specialties to certain countries. A little later he appears as a man outraged by the suggestion that the delivery of nuclear weapons might be left to the United States Air Force, while Britain devoted hers to other objects. Such a policy would, in his view, ruin British prestige and deprive our country of its rightful position in the world. Exactly—this would be the effect on certain other nations if their existing or projected forces were eliminated in the interests of economy or re-equipped as low-grade combatants for secondary tasks. Some men have to look after the latrines of armies, but no one suggests that he himself should undertake the task.

Secondary, decidedly secondary, tasks are here allotted to other nations. Germany, it is suggested, would provide largely a Home Guard element, armed mainly with machine-guns and anti-tank guns, to fight rearguard actions. Now there is a great deal to be said for the creation of a number of battalions for this duty, and it might be favourably regarded by Dr. Adenauer's military advisers. If, however, it were done on a large scale it would approach perilously to the original French conception of little German formations embedded in foreign land forces and under foreign command, in order to insure that the Germans remained innocuous. This plan was contemptuously rejected by Western Germany, and so effectively that virtually nothing more has been heard of it. In point of fact, a crying need exists for German divisions, not merely with the central group, but also on the northern flank, to block the hostile wheel into Schleswig and Denmark which would assuredly be carried out were a war to break out in present circumstances. Sir John's eye, so quick to discern the possibilities for his darling air striking force, seems myopic here.

Again, Sir John is so intent on the air striking force and the nuclear counterstroke that he is fertile in suggestions for economies in other Services so that it may be accorded more cash and strength. Would it not be a good thing to keep only the B.A.O.R. on the level of a high-class army from the point of view of weapons and equipment, putting the rest of the regular land forces on to a "cold-war scale" and much of the Territorial Army on to a Home Guard scale like the

Germans? He would be broad-minded enough, he tells us—and the odd thing is that he is broad-minded up to a point—to allow the Navy to retain "some" carriers, though he groans over their cost and is doubtful about their survival in war. My difficulty in coming to grips with these and kindred arguments is not due to excessive modesty about my own judgment but to my lack of the vast fund of knowledge which he has at his back. It is, however, my view that, were the land forces on the Continent to be weakened beyond a certain point, in themselves or in their air support, it might be possible for the impetus of the Russian armies to overrun all Europe, even though their seat of government, rearward bases, and main industries were pulverised.

Sir John Slessor displays little of the impatience to be observed in some of those who discourse on air power—there again his knowledge and experience reinforce his natural qualities of intellect. He fully appreciates the cold war and the secondary wars which sprout from it; also, that the avoidance of a world war may involve more of these secondary wars, which would be fairly cheap at the price. Yet the reasoning is not close enough. A "balance of forces" does not mean an automatic share-out of the resources available, but the combination and co-ordination of the forces of sea, land, and air, in the manner most suitable for the policy of the nation and its allies. We have already re-appraised our military policy. Doubtless Sir John had his part in that re-appraisal before he ceased to be Chief of the Air Staff, and it represents an approach to his views. Yet an appreciation of tasks other than that of the air striking force needs to be still more broad-minded. The Commonwealth Division, if equipped on a cold-war scale, would not have achieved the same results or prestige in Korea. The R.A.F. now merits priority, but it must avoid the old weakness of promising more than it may be able to perform.

# A HISTORIC OCCASION: INAUGURATING HELICOPTER FLIGHTS IN LONDON.



THE WESTLAND SIKORSKY S-55 SIX-PASSENGER HELICOPTER: THE TYPE WHICH B.E.A. PROPOSE TO USE FOR A REGULAR SERVICE TO THE SOUTH BANK.



THE WESTLAND SIKORSKY S-55, FITTED WITH FLOATS SO THAT A SAFE LANDING CAN BE MADE ON WATER ON THE RARE OCCASIONS OF ENGINE FAILURE.

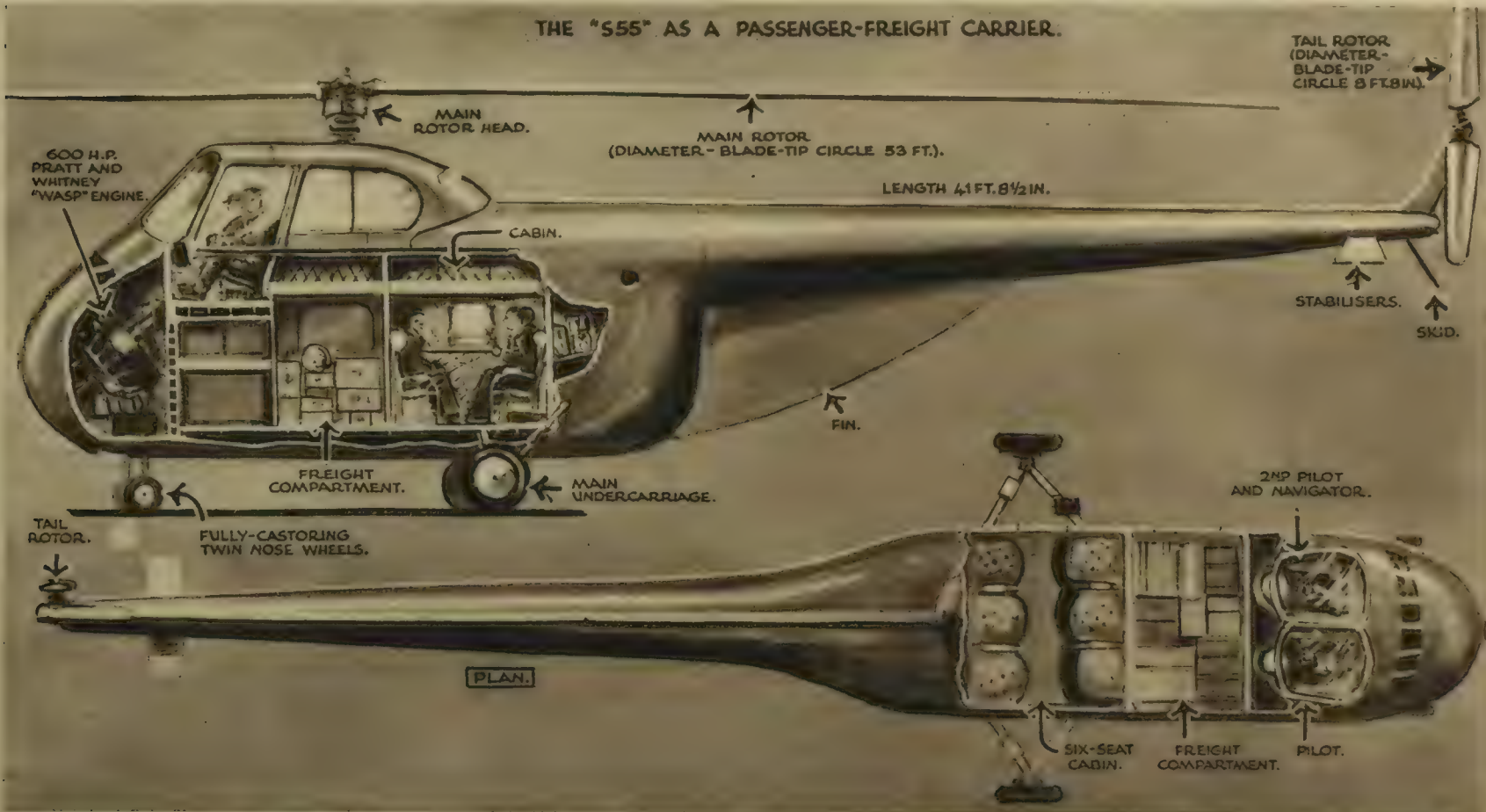


THE EXPERIMENTAL HELICOPTER AIRPORT AT THE SOUTH BANK SITE, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR DURING THE MORNING OF JUNE 17—ON ITS OPENING. THE CHEQUERED MOBILE CONTROL VEHICLE IS AT THE RIGHT CORNER OF THE SQUARE.



A WESTLAND SIKORSKY S-55, DESTINED FOR THE ROYAL NAVY BUT FLOWN ON THIS OCCASION BY REPRESENTATIVES OF WESTLAND AIRCRAFT LTD., SHOWN TAKING OFF FROM THE SOUTH BANK SITE ON JUNE 17.

## THE "S55" AS A PASSENGER-FREIGHT CARRIER.



THE WESTLAND SIKORSKY S-55 SIX-PASSENGER HELICOPTER: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING OF TWO ASPECTS, SHOWING THE PASSENGER CABIN, THE PILOTS' COMPARTMENT AND THE FREIGHT SPACE. THE PASSENGERS HAVE A WIDE AND UNINTERRUPTED VIEW. [Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of December 23, 1950.]

On June 16 new regulations governing the flight of helicopters over the London area were introduced which permitted helicopters to fly in and out of the South Bank site at Waterloo with only twenty-four hours' notice. The new rules permitted helicopters to fly at 1000 ft. within a ten-nautical-mile radius of Hyde Park and to fly down the Thames at 500 ft., using the river as a corridor to the South Bank site. On June 17, therefore, the South Bank landing station was inaugurated and several helicopters, including an S-55 (illustrated

above) made landings and take-offs from the site. Some anxiety has been expressed over the additional noise that this will bring to Central London, and considerable noise was indeed heard in the neighbourhood during the inaugural flights. British European Airways have announced that in March, 1955 they propose to inaugurate a regular shuttle service of helicopters for passengers between London Airport and the South Bank, using Westland Sikorsky S-55 helicopters fitted with floats to cover emergency landings in the Thames.



THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL ASCOT MEETING, 1954: H.M. THE QUEEN DRIVING IN TRADITIONAL

STYLE DOWN THE COURSE IN AN OPEN LANDAU DRAWN BY FOUR WINDSOR GREYS.

On Tuesday, June 15, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Beaufort, drove in the first carriage down the course at Ascot at the beginning of the Royal meeting. There was bright sunshine, but the heavy going caused by the earlier rain necessitated the

curtailment of the Royal carriage procession. Instead of entering through the Golden Gates at the end of the straight, the State landau came on to the course near the four-furlong post on the first two days of the meeting, although on the last two days the Queen made the full-length traditional drive. Throughout the meeting the

Queen showed her usual interest in the runners and made several visits to the paddock, although fortune did not favour her horses on the first three days. On June 16, the last day, her colours were carried by three horses. In the Rous Memorial Stakes her colt *Landau*, ridden by Sir Gordon Richards, won handsomely.

In the next race, the Windsor Castle Stakes, the Queen's two-year-old *Corporal* was second; and *Aureole* then won the Hardwicke Stakes to complete a successful day for her Majesty. The 1954 Royal meeting was attended by the traditional Ascot scenes and, as usual, the most keenly-contested events were the fashion stakes.

AT ASCOT, THE FAMOUS FASHIONABLE MEETING:  
THE QUEEN AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.



IN THE ROYAL BOX: H.M. THE QUEEN DEEP IN CONVERSATION WITH HER SISTER, H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IS ON THE EXTREME LEFT OF THE GROUP.



DRIVING TO THE ROYAL MEETING: THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER DÉBUTANTE DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT. THE PRINCESS IS DRESSED IN SUNSHINE YELLOW, A MOST BECOMING SHADE.



WALKING TO THE PADDOCK ON GOLD CUP DAY: THE QUEEN IN A LOVELY WHITE LACE DRESS EMBROIDERED WITH BLUE THREADS, AND A SMALL HAT.



WEARING A PINK SILK DRESS AND HAT TO MATCH, AND A STOLE OF STONE MARTEN: THE QUEEN DRIVING DOWN THE COURSE WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE ROYAL ASCOT MEETING.



WATCHING ONE OF THE BIG EVENTS FROM THE ROOF OF THE ROYAL BOX: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (SECOND FROM LEFT), A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL PARTY, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, THE QUEEN, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET ON JUNE 17, GOLD CUP DAY.



ARRIVING ON GOLD CUP DAY: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO IS SHOWN WEARING A TINY HAT ENTIRELY COMPOSED OF FLOWER PETALS.

IN accordance with traditional custom, the Queen entertained a house-party at Windsor Castle for Royal Ascot, and went every day to the meeting. Her radiant looks and the beautiful clothes she wore roused general admiration, and Princess Margaret was also looking very charming. On the whole, this year's meeting was a well-dressed one, and many women have followed the wise lead of her Majesty and taken to wearing small, neat hats. Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duchess of Kent, was a member of the Royal party and seemed to enjoy her first Ascot. The heavy going upset form, and backers had some surprises. *Elpenor* started at 100 to 8 to win the Gold Cup for M. Boussac, and the two classic horses in the race, *Premonition* and *Northern Light II.*, were unplaced; but Mr. Dewar's lovely filly *Festoon* duly won the Coronation Stakes, beating *Sybil's Niece*.



IMMORTALISED IN BLACKMORE'S "LORNA DOONE": BLUNDELL'S "OLD SCHOOL," AN IMPORTANT EXAMPLE OF AN EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL TRUST. ON THESE LAWNS JOHN RIDD FOUGHT HIS SCHOOLBOY BATTLE.



PRACTISING FOR BISLEY: MEMBERS OF THE COMBINED CADET FORCE ON THE MINIATURE RANGE. THE SCHOOL WON THE ASHBURTON SHIELD IN 1948, THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS SNAP SHOOTING IN 1948 AND 1953, AND THE GRAND AGGREGATE TROPHY IN 1952.

#### AFTER THREE AND A HALF CENTURIES: IMPRESSIONS OF BLUNDELL'S—A GREAT ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL.

During this summer term, Blundell's School, Tiverton, Devon, is celebrating its 350th anniversary. On this and other pages we show our Artist's impressions of the school and also of Blundell's "Old School," the original building erected in 1604 which was abandoned and sold in 1882 but was bought back in 1939 and has

now been given to the National Trust. A short history of Blundell's, the school immortalised in Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," appears on pages 1090 and 1091. One of the school's greatest Headmasters was Mr. A. L. Francis, who reigned from 1874-1917 and who is regarded as "a second Founder."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



# STILL FAITHFUL TO ITS GREAT TRADITIONS AFTER 350 YEARS OF CONTINUOUS HISTORY: BLUNDELL'S

Blundell's School, which is now celebrating its 350th anniversary, was built and endowed at the sole charge of Mr. Peter Blundell, a wealthy clothier of Tiverton, who also founded scholarships at Balliol and Sidney Sussex Colleges for the benefit of the pupils. The school was first housed in buildings erected under the supervision of the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir John Popham, who was a close friend of the founder. The first Headmaster was appointed in 1604; and the school

was designed to accommodate boarders as well as the boys of Tiverton itself. During the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries its reputation and numbers placed it securely among the great schools of England. The beautiful old building (which is shown on another page) was erected on a site liable to flooding, and in 1882 a move was made to the present site, a mile from the town of Tiverton and well above the Exe Valley. Here, in grounds covering more than fifty acres, entirely

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# SCHOOL—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCHOOL AND THE CHAPEL (LEFT).

new premises were built to meet the needs of a modern public school. To-day, the school, under the headmastership of Mr. J. S. Carter, numbers nearly 400. There are six boarding houses, which are grouped round the main buildings; each accommodates about fifty boys, and contains dormitories, studies, a preparation room, a house library, and a recreation room. All meals are taken in the Dining Hall in the main building. A considerable building programme is now being undertaken and will

include a new gymnasium, and further classrooms, as well as additional music-teaching accommodation. The school's long connection with the Services is reflected in a vigorous Combined Cadet Force and a successful record at Bletley. This June, as the school reaches yet another milestone in its long history, it can look proudly back at the past, and with confidence to the future, as it continues to carry on the work of its great founder, Peter Blundell.



TAKING AN EXAMINATION IN "BIG SCHOOL": CERTIFICATE CANDIDATES AT WORK. THE MAIN BLOCK OF SCHOOL BUILDINGS COMPRISES CLASS-ROOMS, THE LIBRARY AND "BIG SCHOOL." WEST OF THIS ARE THE SCIENCE BUILDINGS, LECTURE ROOMS, AND A BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.



SURROUNDED BY SHELVES OF BOOKS: BOYS STUDYING IN THE LIBRARY. THE SCHOOL HAS SIX BOARDING HOUSES EACH UNDER ITS OWN HOUSEMASTER. IN ADDITION TO THE SCHOOL LIBRARY EACH HOUSE HAS ITS OWN LIBRARY, PREPARATION ROOM, AND RECREATION ROOM.

### CELEBRATING THE 350TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS FOUNDATION: BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, TIVERTON, DEVON.

One of England's public schools with centuries of tradition and continuous history behind it is Blundell's School, which is now celebrating the 350th anniversary of its foundation. On June 4 the school was visited by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who listened to a concert of sacred music given by the boys in the chapel.

Blundell's has celebrated Old Boys' Day for at least 230 years, and this year it is to be held on Saturday, July 3, when the school is to be visited by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher. One of his predecessors in the See of Canterbury, Archbishop Frederick Temple, was a boy at Blundell's from 1834 to 1839.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## ABUTILON AND MISCEGENATION.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



A FEW weeks ago I planted a young *Abutilon vitifolium* in a newly-developed bed in my garden. It was a very small specimen,

from a very small pot, but already it is rushing up into a sizeable bush, with large, grey-green, vine-shaped leaves. By next summer, if all goes well, I expect to be looking, not merely at, but up at, its lovely flowers. Here, indeed, is a shrub for those impatient gardeners who demand quick results. It is, too, somewhat of a borderland plant, uncertain whether to remain a large shrub or become a small tree, and uncertain, in some climates and districts, whether to remain at all. It is reported as not hardy in the open at Kew, and even uncertain against a wall there. Yet in my garden at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, a specimen planted near the south wall of my house ran up rapidly into an 8- or 9-ft. specimen, flowered profusely for four or five years, and then, as is the way with this species, died quite suddenly. Last summer I saw a very fine *Abutilon vitifolium* flowering in a garden near Badminton, so that I have hopes that the specimen which I have planted here will do equally well.

The bed into which it has gone is in the angle between the walls of two stone barns, one wall facing south and the other west, so that the position is warm and sheltered. For a good many years this triangular piece of ground had carried an exceptionally vigorous population of docks, stinging nettles, and a few other

and loosening the ground to a reasonable depth, and throwing out the larger and more offensive chunks of brick and concrete and the majority of the old horse-shoes, pram wheels, broken bottles, and such-like. Several loads were carted away and replaced by the same quantity of good loam.

It was here, then, that I planted my young *Abutilon vitifolium*. It stands a foot or two from the west-facing wall, and has already taken kindly to soil and aspect. It has treated the recent weather with the contempt it deserves. Like most shrubs which grow rapidly, flower profusely, and produce great quantities of seed, *Abutilon vitifolium* is not a long-lived species. I do not know what its average "expectation of life" is. Five or six years, or perhaps a trifle more, I would say. Then the whole thing dies, for no apparent reason, except that that is its natural way of—death. It is a pity, but there it is, and can not be helped. The important thing is to be aware of the fact, so that disappointment is not too great when the end comes, and, anyway, great gap though it leaves when it dies, it is a gap that a youngster of its kind will soon refill. This being the case, it is a good plan to collect a few seeds from time to time and raise seedlings which may be grown in small pots, and wintered, for safety, in a cold frame, ready for planting-out to replace deceased parents, and for giving to gardening friends. Always

a most acceptable gift. But in giving specimens away, do not forget to warn as to its short duration of life. Raising such a plant to maturity, expecting it to last indefinitely, and then losing it suddenly and completely just when it seems to be in the prime of life is a hideous and quite unnecessary disappointment.

And what a lovely shrub it is when in full flower. The rather grey-green vine-shaped leaves make a perfect setting for the large, lavender-blue blossoms, which look like shapely single roses, carried in threes and fours on woolly stems springing from the leaf axils. Each flower measures about 3 ins. across. They have been described as resembling single hollyhock flowers, and that, perhaps, is a better description than comparing them with single roses. There is a white-flowered variety which, though a beautiful thing, is not perhaps as attractive as the normal lavender-blue type.

*Abutilon vitifolium* is a native of Chile and was introduced and first flowered in 1836 in

Dublin. Although I spent six months, twice, collecting plants in Chile with Dr. Balfour Gourlay, we never had the good fortune to come upon *Abutilon vitifolium*, either wild or in gardens, in spite of the fact that we covered many thousands of miles, from Coquimbo, in the north, to Chilean Patagonia, some 1800 miles to the south, and from sea-level, in the west, up to twelve thousand feet in the Andes, to the east. Even so, however, we only searched a minute fraction of that vast and diverse country, and the *Abutilon* may well be of relatively local occurrence.

Another *Abutilon*, *A. megapotamicum*, known also as *Abutilon vexillarium*, although usually safest as a greenhouse plant—it comes from Brazil—is often grown successfully in the open air, in the warmer parts of this country. Except in exceptionally mild districts it is perhaps safest when planted at the foot of a south wall. I have usually seen it with a number of slender 3- to 4-ft. stems, carrying pendant cup-shaped golden flowers with gay red calyces. To most people



"TO MOST PEOPLE THE SOMEWHAT EXOTIC APPEARANCE OF THIS ABUTILON (*A. MEGAPOTAMICUM*) IS ATTRACTIVE," IT CARRIES ON 3- TO 4-FT. STEMS "PENDANT CUP-SHAPED GOLDEN FLOWERS WITH GAY RED CALYCES."

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.

the somewhat exotic appearance of this *Abutilon* is attractive. Personally, although I grew the plant quite successfully for some years in my garden in Hertfordshire I never really liked it. But that was merely a matter of personal taste, and so, perhaps, hardly worth recording.

In the same newly-developed bed as *Abutilon*, there is a small group of plants of that astonishing apricot-pink flag iris "Strathmore," and near the true "Strathmore" are five seedlings of my own raising, of which "Strathmore" was the pollen parent. The seed parent was that splendid, great upstanding iris "White City," whose flowers are white, with the faintest wash of pale lavender.

This cross was my first and only experiment in breeding flag irises, and has emphasised what I already knew perfectly well before I embarked on the experiment—that in crossing flowers, especially garden varieties of mixed ancestry, the production of new colours is not as sure and simple as producing desired colours by mixing pigments from a paint-box. One might think that mating a large, almost pure white iris blossom with pollen from a smallish, apricot-pink iris would produce an iris with large, pale apricot-pink blossoms. In making this cross, "White City" x "Strathmore," I hoped that with luck something of that sort might perhaps happen, though I knew that it almost certainly wouldn't; and it didn't.

The first seedling plant from this foolishly ambitious marriage is in flower now. In stature and carriage it is magnificent, and the flowers are large and well formed. But in colour they are a scene of indescribable squalor. The standards are a sad, bilious form of pale, smoky yellowish-mauve, and the falls a revolting pale pucey reddish-purple. Lovely though both parents of this abomination are, one can only think that somewhere, far back, perhaps, in their ancestry, there must have been some hideously sordid individual to which my seedling is a throw-back. There are four other seedlings from the same marriage due to flower next year. Meanwhile I am hard put to it to think of any living person whom I hate or despise heartily enough to name my iris horror after him—or her.



"WHAT A LOVELY SHRUB IT IS WHEN IN FULL FLOWER. THE RATHER GREY-GREEN, VINE-SHAPED LEAVES MAKE A PERFECT SETTING FOR THE LARGE, LAVENDER-BLUE BLOSSOMS . . . CARRIED IN THREES AND FOURS ON WOOLLY STEMS SPRINGING FROM THE LEAF AXILS": A CLOSE-UP OF *ABUTILON VITIFOLIUM*.

lesser weeds. At length I decided that the site was worthy of something more decorative and distinguished, so had it prepared for planting. This proved quite a formidable task. The ground was found to consist chiefly of coarse rubble, mixed with a very small percentage of gravelly loam. I made it a case of slow attrition, an hour or so at a time, spread over a good many weeks, so that my part-time gardener could still keep pace with essential routine jobs among the vegetables. It was pick and shovel work, breaking up



"DON JUAN ANTONIO LLORENTE," c. 1813; BY F. GOYA Y LUCIENTES (1746-1828). (74½ by 45 ins.)



"THE ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT OF AUSTRIA," 1615; BY SIR P. P. RUBENS (1577-1640). (78½ by 46½ ins.)



"L'Artiste," 1875, THE PAINTER MARCELLIN DESBOUTIN; BY EDOUARD MANET (1832-1883). (75½ by 48½ ins.)



"THE STONE BENCH," 1880; BY VINCENT VAN GOGH (1853-1890), PAINTED AT ST. REMY. (15½ by 18½ ins.)



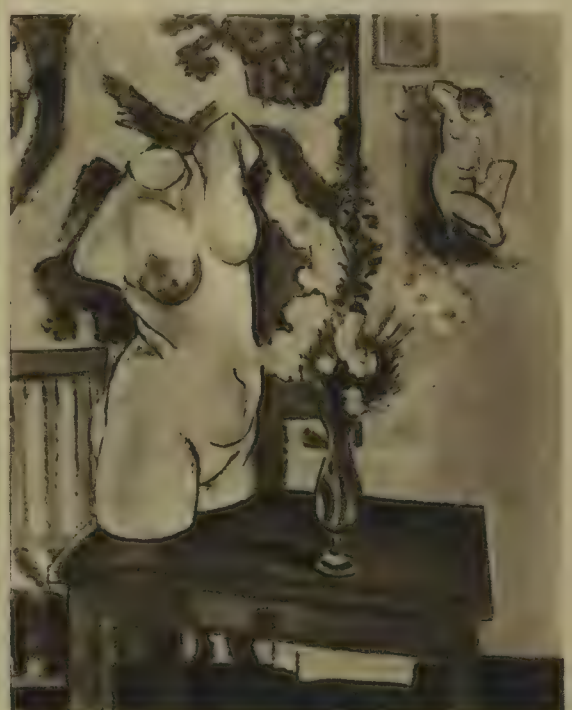
"THE DUC DE BERRY AND THE COMTE DE PROVENCE AS CHILDREN," 1757; BY F. H. DROUVAIS (1727-1775). (37½ by 50 ins.)



"Pauvre Pêcheur" ("POOR FISHERMAN"); BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903). (30 by 26 ins.)



"Rose et Bleue," 1881, MESDEMOISELLES CAHEN D'ANVERS; BY P. A. RENOIR (1841-1919). (46½ by 29½ ins.)



"THE PLASTER TORSO," 1919; BY HENRI MATISSE (B. 1869). THE ONLY EXAMPLE OF HIS WORK ON VIEW. (44½ by 34½ ins.)

#### ON VIEW IN LONDON: PAINTINGS FROM THE SÃO PAULO COLLECTION, FORMED IN THE SPACE OF SEVEN YEARS.

The selection of paintings from the collection of the São Paulo Museum of Art, Brazil (formed in the short space of seven years), has recently been shown at a number of Continental centres, where it roused much interest. When the Arts Council of Great Britain suggested that the exhibition should be brought to London the Museum authorities attached so great an importance to the invitation that they decided to enlarge and modify the exhibition, so that the Tate Gallery now houses a more important selection than that shown in Paris,

Brussels, Utrecht and Berne, for it includes a number of notable new acquisitions. On this and the facing page we reproduce some of the works which are now on view in the exhibition. The Archduke Albrecht, whose portrait by Rubens we reproduce, was the sixth child of the Emperor Maximilian, and as Governor-General of the Netherlands was a great patron of art, who helped to build up the reputation of Rubens. Don Juan Antonio Llorente, painted by Goya, was the author of the "History of the Inquisition."



"THE SOFA," 1894-1895; BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC-MONFA (1864-1901). ONE OF THE BEST OF HIS PRELIMINARY PAINTINGS FOR "Au Salon," SIGNED *Lautrec*. (23½ by 31½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF PERTUISET, THE LION HUNTER," 1881; BY EDOUARD MANET (1832-1883). PERTUISET AN EXPLORER AND BIG-GAME HUNTER, WAS A FRIEND OF MANET. SIGNED AND DATED *Manet 1881* (59 by 67 ins.)



"En Canot sur l'Epte," 1885-1887, PORTRAITS OF BLANCHE MONET AND MME. BUTLER; BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926). MONET KEPT THIS PAINTING IN HIS ROOM. (52½ by 57 ins.)



"L'Amazone," A PORTRAIT OF MARIE LEFEBURE, 1875-1876; BY EDOUARD MANET (1832-1883). THE SIGNATURE, *éd manet*, AT THE RIGHT, ON THE HORSE, WAS ADDED BY MME. MANET. (35½ by 45½ ins.)



"YVONNE PRINTEMPS AND SACHA GUITRY"; BY EDOUARD VUILLARD (1868-1940), c. 1920. SIGNED LOWER RIGHT *E. Vuillard*. (24½ by 35 ins.)



"TWO HEADS" BY HONORE DAUMIER (1808-1879). SIGNED LOWER LEFT *h.d.* EXHIBITED AT WILDENSTEIN, NEW YORK, 1951. (9 by 11½ ins.)

# LENT TO THE TATE GALLERY FROM THE WORLD'S YOUNGEST MUSEUM: MASTERPIECES FROM SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL.

The Exhibition of Masterpieces from the São Paulo Museum, Brazil, arranged by the Arts Council of Great Britain at the Tate Gallery, opened on June 19, and will continue until August 15. The works on view are a loan from the youngest Museum in the world, and a striking illustration of the quality of a collection made in the space of seven years. The Museum of Art of São Paulo was planned and founded in 1947 by Senator Assis Chateaubriand, owner of a chain of newspapers and television stations, with the idea of creating a suitable centre where all the problems connected with art could be discussed and examined in a lively

and inspiring way. The work began on a small scale; later, exhibitions were organised, and last of all the Picture Gallery was opened for the display of the first gifts. Considerable funds have been collected for the acquisition of works of art, and two years later the building had to be enlarged. In his introduction to the catalogue Professor P. M. Bardi, Director of the São Paulo Museum of Art, points out that a certain lack of balance in the collection is due to the fact that sometimes gifts to the Museum show a bias in favour of particular painters; and also to the difficulty of finding works representing certain famous artists.

THE war interrupted all research into rock art in Libya; but immediately afterwards there were reports of new paintings discovered in the extreme south of the Fezzan, in French territory.

Before the war and from 1932 onwards several Italian scientific expeditions and one German mission entered the Fezzan to study its pre-history, and they had amassed a very large quantity of documents of rock art which allowed the setting-up of a general table of the chronological succession of different phases of Saharan art and the formation of interesting conclusions on the evolution of the ancient civilisations of Libya and even on the changes in the climatic and ecological landscape of the Sahara.

This year, in the month of April, field study was resumed of the problems of Libyan rock art in a place in Tripolitania, on the edge of the great stony desert of Hamada el Hamra, some 350 km. (217 miles) south of Tripoli.

This expedition has worked under the patronage of the Department of Antiquities of the Government and the Governor himself has given his support to it.

This region was almost unknown from the point of view of pre-history and research was directed to this place on account of a very brief summary which the explorer Rohlfs gave in 1874 in his celebrated book of African travels, of the existence of a grotto in the Wadi el Kel (which he had noticed in passing in caravan) in which were carvings of elephants, camels, antelopes and a female human figure.

This year's expedition, composed of the author of this article, Professor Vergara Caffarelli, Head of the Department of Antiquities of Libya, and Dr. Paradisi, was able to profit by the fact that a guide, an old Arab woman of the Oasis of Mizda, knew the site of the Wadi el Kel, and she led the expedition to the place (Fig. 1) after a difficult journey, away from all the roads and tracks. We were able to discover hundreds of carvings in several rock shelters opening off the edge of the Wadi el Kel, of which Rohlfs certainly only saw a few (Fig. 3).



FIG. 2. A CARVING OF A HUMAN FIGURE STRIKING AN OSTRICH, LIGHTLY CHALKED TO ASSIST PHOTOGRAPHY. THIS CARVING IS CONSIDERED LATER THAN THOSE SHOWN IN FIG. 3.

The carvings belong to different chronological and artistic phases. The oldest phase is characterised by splendid and large representations of wild animals and even domestic animals. There are elephants, ostriches, lions, giraffes, in a beautiful naturalistic style, deeply carved or even in low bas-relief (Figs. 2, 4, 5, 8 and 9). Among the domestic animals the bulls are dominant (Figs. 6 and 7), and of these there are some magnificently attractive examples, shown almost life-size.

These fine pictures are disposed in long lines in the shelters and make, as it were, long friezes which strike the observer very vividly (Fig. 3). In certain examples, better preserved down the centuries, the technique is very careful and sometimes the interior of the design is scraped and polished.

There are also more recent "layers," clearly superimposed on the earlier, in which there always appear oxen, antelopes and other animals, which from the artistic point of view, are stiffer, smaller and less careful. And so a phase is reached in which horses are numerous, and finally an epoch, called the

## THE PREHISTORIC ANIMAL ARTISTS OF A FERTILE SAHARA:

### NEWLY DISCOVERED ROCK CARVINGS FROM THE "RED DESERT" OF SOUTHERN TRIPOLITANIA.

By PAOLO GRAZIOSI, *Professor of Anthropology and Palæoethnology in the University of Florence.*



FIG. 1. THE EDGE OF THE WADI EL KEL IN THE HAMADA EL HAMRA, THE "RED DESERT" OF TRIPOLITANIA, SOME 217 MILES SOUTH OF TRIPOLI. IN THIS WADI LIE THE ROCK SHELTERS, COVERED WITH INNUMERABLE ROCK CARVINGS WHICH PROFESSOR GRAZIOSI DISCUSSES ON THIS PAGE.

"cameline," which begins in the first centuries of our era and which is characterised, as is known, by very bad schematic representations of the dromedary, an animal introduced into the Sahara at a late date.

One very interesting group of carvings, which should perhaps be placed at the end of the first phase, consists of numerous female figures, which are surely linked with a sexual cult and which constitute, in view of their very great numbers, an entirely new fact in the art of Libya and North Africa in general. Their numbers, their careful execution and their placing in the shelters, really give the impression that these natural cavities had been, at some given time, sanctuaries or cult-places in which fertility rites were practised.

The absolute dating of the oldest carvings of the Wadi el Kel presents, as always in North African cave art, very grave difficulties. In fact, the innumerable rock documents, whether carvings or paintings, found so far in this immense country, have almost never been found in conjunction with prehistoric features which would allow a certain chronological diagnosis. The most ancient "level" in the Wadi el Kel belongs to that artistic and cultural phase which I have defined in my study of Libyan rock art in general (P. Graziosi: "*L'arte rupestre della Libia*," Napoli, 1942) as "ancient pastoral," which immediately follows another artistic phase, the first in order of time so far found in Libya, which can

be defined as "the hunting people" and which probably goes back to the Neolithic Age.

In the Wadi el Kel there are also some oxen whose horns join together at the top to make a sort of more or less circular figure which recalls the solar discs of Egyptian animals (Fig. 7). This raises questions, which concern also the rock art of Algeria and the Fezzan, on the vexed question of the relations between these works of art and those of the Valley of the Nile.

As regards the age of the oldest carvings of the Wadi el Kel, we can think in terms of the period between the Third and Second Millennia B.C., without attaching an absolute value to these figures.

If we draw out a general table of the evolution of rock art in Libya, we presuppose the existence of the first phase, the oldest of all, mentioned above, which is linked with peoples who were primarily hunters and who have left on the rocks and shelters of the Sahara numerous very fine representations of wild animals of a tropical type such as elephant, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, giraffe, etc. With these great animals are shown naked men armed with the bow. The artists of this phase must surely have had always before their eyes the living animals, because their work is characterised by an extraordinary naturalism and the anatomical details of the animals, as well as their lively attitudes, are perfect.

All this gives us the proof that in many of the regions of the Sahara which are completely desert to-day—and especially in the great Wadis of the Fezzan and the rocky valleys of the mountainous massifs such as the Hoggar, where these carvings are found—there must have existed a very different landscape: vegetation, marshes, lakes, temporary watercourses which allowed a great tropical fauna, now completely extinct in the Sahara, actually to live there and which also afforded favourable circumstances for human life.

A second phase, which followed on this, and to which, as we have said, we must refer the oldest carvings of the Wadi el Kel, shows us, through the still very naturalistic rock carvings, a great diffusion in the interior of Libya and even in the Sahara, of immense herds of domestic animals, notably cattle. This phase, the "pastoral," can be in its turn subdivided into different periods each characterised by particularities of style, technique, etc. The general circumstances are always favourable to life.

The study of the actual residual fauna—which shows to us in small areas in the oases of the Sahara like wells of water, the existence of amphibians and fishes which represent the actual remains of a vanished world of animals now extinct in that place—speaks to us (as do in other respects the morphological and geological aspects of the country) of the continuation of climatic conditions more favourable than those of to-day, right up to an age not so very remote from ours.

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 3. PROFESSOR GRAZIOSI IN ONE OF THE ROCK SHELTERS OF THE WADI EL KEL. BEHIND HIM CAN BE SEEN A FRIEZE OF NATURALISTICALLY-CARVED ANIMALS, NOTABLY OXEN AND OSTRICHES, BELONGING TO THE SECOND, OR "PASTORAL," PHASE OF THIS CULTURE.

# THE EXTINCT ANIMALS OF THE SAHARA, RECORDED BY PREHISTORIC ARTISTS.



FIG. 4. A LION SPRINGING ON AN OSTRICH. THESE ARE DEEPLY-CARVED, NATURALISTIC AND VIVID, AS THOUGH THE ARTIST WERE FAMILIAR WITH LIVING MODELS.



FIG. 5. AN OSTRICH, DEEPLY CARVED IN LIFE-SIZE AND WITH A DEGREE OF MODELLING WHICH APPROXIMATES TO SHALLOW BAS-RELIEF. (RIGHT) THE HINDQUARTERS OF A BULL.

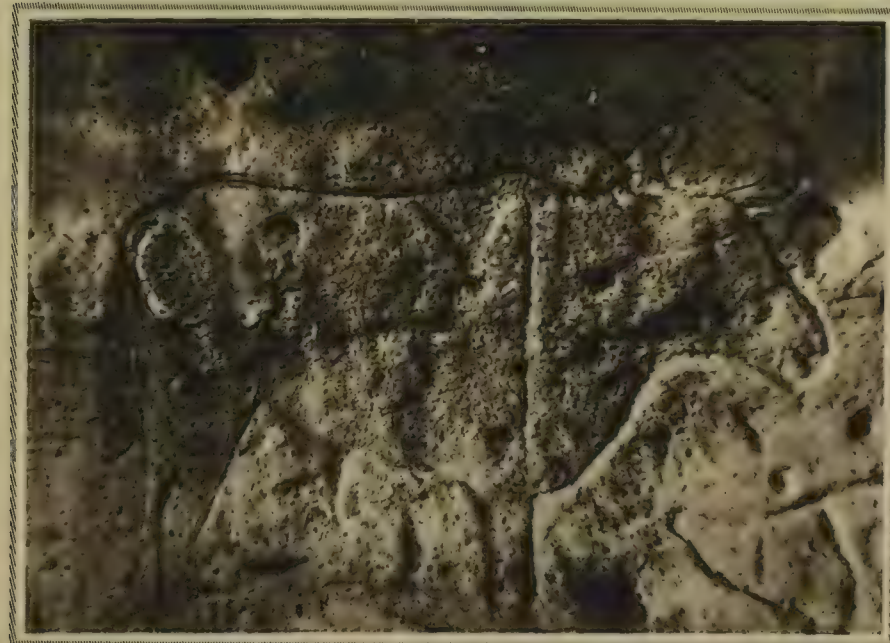


FIG. 6. A SPLENDID BULL, DEEPLY CARVED IN LIFE-SIZE. FROM THE FREQUENCY AND NATURALISM OF THESE BULLS, IT APPEARS THAT THE SAHARA WAS THEN MUCH LESS ARID.



FIG. 7. ANOTHER BULL CARVING OF GREAT AGE AND NOTABLE ACCURACY: THE HORNS ARE DRAWN INTO A CIRCLE, LIKE THE SOLAR DISCS OF EGYPTIAN ANIMALS.



FIG. 8. A DEEP CARVING OF AN ELEPHANT, WITH SMALLER CARVINGS OF OTHER ANIMALS: ITS REALISM ARGUES THAT A LUSH TROPICAL CLIMATE FORMERLY OBTAINED IN THE NORTHERN PART OF THE SAHARA.

*Continued.*

When explaining this period of greater humidity in the Sahara, it is not necessary to go back as far as the last Ice Ages with their repercussions of heavy rainfall in North Africa, because, taking all the facts into consideration, the subjects of the rock art lead us to fix on an age considerably more recent than the Pleistocene. The presence of domestic animals, which make their appearance in the Neolithic Age, and the existence of human sites of this age in the interior of the Sahara around lakes to-day dried up, do not alone constitute a certain proof. In the Fezzan we have, in the last stages of the "pastoral" phase, the appearance of the horse attached to war chariots, like the Egyptian, which are mounted by men armed with the javelin and which can be related with the Garamantes described by Herodotus. And so we reach the fifth century B.C. Throughout

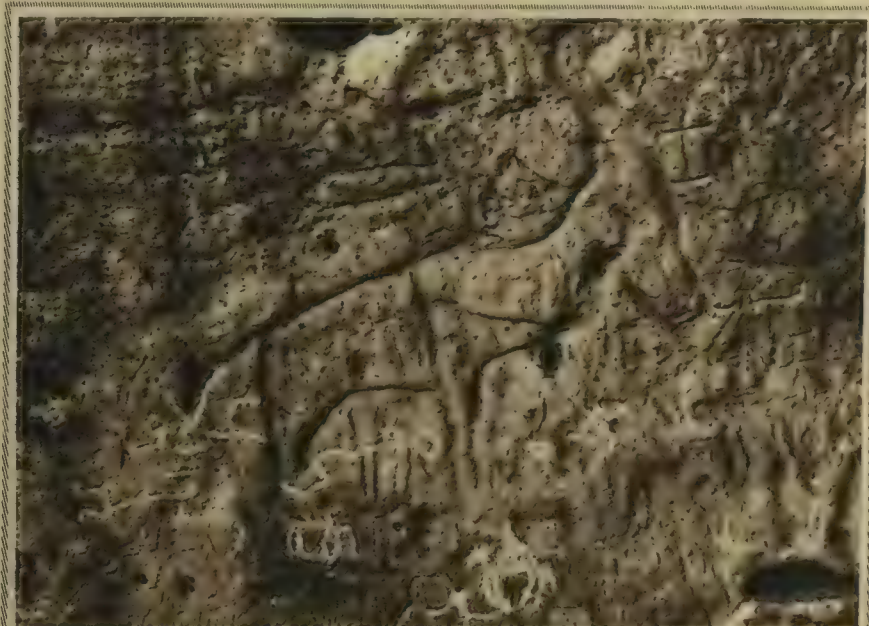


FIG. 9. A DEEPLY-CARVED ANTELOPE, WITH NUMEROUS LATER CARVINGS SUPERIMPOSED AND ALSO SMALL, FAIRLY RECENT, UNPATINATED FIGURES OF HORSEMEN, AND THE LIKE.

the study of the rock figures of wild animals and domestic beasts shown, we can follow in Libya the disappearance through the ages of the fauna, of which the elephant and the hippopotamus are the first to disappear, followed by the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the great herds of domestic cattle, and finally, very late, the horse. It seems, then, that the complete desiccation of the interior of Libya, as it is to-day, should be advanced towards our era. In returning to the recent discovery of carvings in the Wadi el Kel, it is necessary to stress their particular importance, alike for their beauty; for the numerous superimpositions of carvings of different ages, which allow a very careful study of the evolution of rock art in Libya; and for their relations with the carvings of other places in North Africa and the new contribution which they make to the study of man in prehistoric times in this great country.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE PARADOX OF OWL-MOBGING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is sometimes a relief to turn to the older writers, whose approach to biological problems is refreshingly simple. The Rev. W. Bingley's "Animal Biography," dated 1805, is one of my favourites. Having, for example, arrived at the conclusion, doubtless sound enough, that owls are able to see much more distinctly in the dusk of the evening than in the broad glare of sunshine, he proceeds to give one of the few recorded explanations for the mobbing of owls by small birds. "Incapable of seeing their prey, or of avoiding danger sufficiently, in the full blaze of day, they keep concealed, during this time, in some secure retreat suited to their gloomy habits, and there continue in solitude and silence. If they venture abroad, everything dazzles and distracts them. Legions of birds flock around them, and single them out as objects of derision and contempt. The Blackbird, the Thrush, the Jay, the Bunting, and the Redbreast, all come in a crowd, and employ their little arts of insult and abuse. The smallest, the feeblest, and the most contemptible enemies of the bewildered creature are then the foremost to injure and torment him. They increase their cries and turbulence around him, flap with their wings, and, like all cowards, are ready to exhibit their courage when they are sensible that the danger is but small. The unfortunate wanderer, not knowing where he is, whom to attack, nor whither to fly, patiently sits and suffers all their indignities with the utmost stupidity. His appearance by day is enough to set the whole grove in an uproar. An aversion that the smaller birds bear to the Owl, with a temporary assurance of their own security, urges them to pursue him, whilst they encourage each other by their mutual cries to lend assistance in the general cause."

This somewhat lengthy quotation, picturesque if naïve, hardly does justice to the characters of the smaller birds. But if the Rev. Bingley failed to give an adequate explanation, we to-day, with our more sophisticated terminology, are in little better case. Before proceeding to an examination of this problem, it will be useful to establish a yardstick. We have such a thing in the behaviour of non-predatory birds towards hawks and cuckoos. It is well known that the domestic hen will respond with a particular alarm-call to the appearance of a hawk. This will happen if the shadow of a hawk passes over the ground in her vicinity or if the hawk is so far off or so high in

the human eye. Moreover, tests go to show that the chick may have almost as acute vision from the moment of hatching. Be these things as they may, the fact remains that the sight of a hawk, or of its shadow, calls forth a definite behaviour on the part of both hen and chick.

Other game-birds show a response similar to the domestic hen, but this stereotyped pattern of behaviour is not peculiar to this class of birds. Starlings also have their particular alarm-call in the presence of a hawk, and a specific response to it. Starlings scattered for feeding will, on hearing the call from one of their number, come together in a compact group, "ganging-up" to harry the intruder. If the starlings have young, the immature birds on hearing this call will "freeze"—that is, remain motionless, crouched to the ground. These responses are fixed, stereotyped and inherited.

Experiments have shown that the releaser for this behaviour lies in the short neck typical of the hawk. By passing silhouettes over domestic turkeys, it was found that no matter how the outline of the body was varied, the alarm-call could always be elicited by a silhouette showing a short neck, but there would be no response from a silhouette with a long neck. Our cuckoo looks very like a hawk, with one notable difference, that its neck is longer. So the cuckoo does not elicit the "hawk-response." On the contrary, its presence within the territory of a nesting pair of small birds calls forth the maximum aggressive action. In fact, a pair of small birds, say, hedge-sparrows, will mob the cuckoo on their own, but much more aggressively and belligerently than the motley crowd that combines to "increase their cries and turbulence" around an owl.

It may be, as Bingley suggests, that the owl is dazed by the strong light, but the fact remains that the behaviour of the mobbing birds and of the owl being mobbed does not differ substantially whether the owl is the diurnal little owl or the nocturnal tawny owl. This suggests straight away that the eyesight of the owl, whether it is dazed by the strong light or not, has nothing to do with the reactions of the small birds to its presence. Is it, then, the size of the owl or its outline? It is known that to most

preparation on the branches and twigs of a low tree or bush, then conceal themselves. Hooting like an owl, they waited for the small birds to come together to mob the supposed common enemy, after which they readily snared them.

When Bingley was writing, the little owl had not become established in this country. That did not take place before 1896, and between that date and now there has been insufficient lapse of time for a fixed pattern to become implanted in such a wide variety



ESTABLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY SINCE 1896: THE DIURNAL LITTLE OWL, WHICH, AS DR. BURTON POINTS OUT, PRESENTS A PARADOX IN THAT ONE MAY SOMETIMES WATCH IT BY THE HOUR DURING THE DAY, HUNTING AND HOOTING, WITHOUT THE SMALL BIRDS AROUND SHOWING SIGNS OF MOBING IT. AT ANOTHER TIME A LITTLE OWL ALIGHTING ON A BRANCH WILL BRING ALL THE SMALL BIRDS TO MOB IT.



A NOCTURNAL BIRD WHICH MAKES RARE DAYLIGHT RAIDS: THE TAWNY OWL, SEEN HERE BRINGING A SHREW TO ITS YOUNG IN THE NEST. ON THIS PAGE DR. BURTON DISCUSSES THE PARADOX OF OWL-MOBGING, EXAMINES THE PROBLEM IN THE LIGHT OF PRESENT-DAY KNOWLEDGE, AND COMES TO THE CONCLUSION THAT WE ARE NOT MUCH NEARER AN ADEQUATE EXPLANATION THAN THE REV. W. BINGLEY WAS IN 1805. Photographs by Eric J. Hosking, F.R.P.S.

the sky as to be almost indiscernible by the human eye. Her chicks respond to the hen's call by running for cover and, once there, remaining immobile. The chicks will also detect the presence of a hawk in the same way and will give an alarm-call of their own, and the call of one chick will set up the typical running for cover in its fellow-chicks, even in the absence of a hen. It may be mentioned in passing that the vision of a domestic hen is nearly twice as acute as that of

species a larger bird is treated as a potential predator, or at least as a cause more or less for fear. Yet in this mobbing, blue-tit, blackbird and jay are equally prone to take part, although they differ widely in size. Moreover, birds like these are equally likely to mob a little owl and a tawny owl, although the latter is much larger than the little owl. Indeed, size and outline seem to have little to do with it, for the trick of the old bird-limers was to smear their sticky

of species. We are justified, no doubt, in assuming that until 1896 our resident birds had only nocturnal owls to deal with, even allowing that the barn-owl and others will on occasions, more in some districts than others, hunt by day. Owls are, generally speaking, dangerous at night, for although they come out at twilight and return with the dawn, they hunt mainly in darkness. It is then the small birds are at roost and presumably seldom see well the form of the owl, except perhaps when it comes to beat their leafy refuges with its wings in order to secure a victim. There is another paradox: that one may sometimes watch a little owl by the hour during the day, hunting and hooting, without the small birds around showing signs of mobbing it. At another time a little owl alighting on a branch will bring all the small birds to mob it. The same can be true also for the tawny or barn-owls on their rare daylight raids. Even at twilight and dawn, mobbing may not always take place. Nor is it more frequent in the nesting season than at other times of the year.

The main feature of an innate behaviour pattern is that the same situations call forth the same responses in the one species, and in other species it is likely to differ slightly, the differences becoming more marked as the species are more distantly related. For any one species, moreover, it is more or less invariable. Occasionally, it is true, the domestic hen or the blackbird will give the alarm-call for a cuckoo, clearly mistaking it for a hawk. Similarly, swifts, with something of the short-necked silhouette of the hawk, may evoke the call, especially when they have freshly arrived in the spring. The mobbing of owls is very similar in such diverse species as tits, robins and jays: it is sporadic as to the time of the day or the season, and it bears little relation to any survival value. That is, it is not used, so far as we can see, for active protection, but rather as an occasion when the birds "employ their little arts of insult and abuse." Rather it would seem to be learned, possibly by experience, by young birds from their elders or by different species through infectious example. Admittedly, this does not take us much further than the point reached by Bingley in 1805.

# MAN AND THE ANIMAL WORLD: A HEROIC DOG AND UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



CAUGHT ON A HANDLINE IN SYDNEY HARBOUR BY MR. KEITH MCRAE (LEFT), AN AMATEUR FISHERMAN: AN OAR FISH (*REGALECUS*) OF 12 FT. IN LENGTH. THESE FISH, POSSIBLY MISTAKEN ON OCCASION FOR THE MYTHICAL SEA-SERPENT, CAN REACH THE LENGTH OF 40 FT.



HITCH-HIKERS OF THE OCEAN? AN AMUSING PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWING TWO GULLS, APPARENTLY WEARY OF BATTLING WITH THE CHILLY WINDS OF THE AUSTRALIAN WINTER, PERCHED ON THE BACK OF TWO—APPARENTLY—UNCONCERNED PELICANS IN PORT PHILLIP BAY, MELBOURNE.



SETTLING DOWN HAPPILY IN THE SAME ENCLOSURE: *MOHUN* (RIGHT), A TEN-YEAR-OLD MALE INDIAN RHINOCEROS, AND YOUNG *MOHINI*, A FEMALE, AT WHIPSNADE. The experiment of putting *Mohun*, a ten-year-old male Indian rhinoceros which came to Whipsnade in 1947, and *Mohini*, a young female received at Whipsnade in 1952, in the same enclosure has been tried with success. It was feared that the animals might have engaged in battle.



AN UNDER-WATER UMBRELLA DESIGNED TO SCARE OFF DANGEROUS FISH. IT BEARS A FEARSOME DEVICE AND IS BEING DISPLAYED BY DR. HASS, FRAU HASS AND HERR SCHEER, WHO HAVE RECENTLY BEEN CARRYING OUT UNDER-WATER EXPLORATION. DR. HASS HAS TAKEN MANY FEET OF COLOUR FILM.



AFTER OPENING THE NEW METROPOLITAN POLICE DOG TRAINING SCHOOL: SIR JOHN NOTT-BOWER PATTING THE FAMOUS POLICE DOG *REX III*. Sir John Nott-Bower, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, opened the new police dog training school at West Wickham on June 16. He affectionately patted *Rex III*, the famous Alsatian with nearly 100 arrests to his credit, who recently "danced" away from pistol shots when helping to arrest a gunman, and received a powder burn.

## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**-M. MENDÈS-FRANCE, FRENCH PREMIER AND FOREIGN MINISTER, WITH MR. EDEN, AND SIR GLADWYN JEBB AND M. MASSIGLI (L. AND R.).** M. Mendès-France, new French Premier and Foreign Minister, formed his Government on June 19, and on June 20 saw Mr. Eden and Mr. Bedell Smith. He has promised to resign if before July 20 he has not achieved a solution of the Indo-Chinese war. A Socialist Radical born in 1907, he was imprisoned by the Germans in 1940, escaped, and joined the Free French Air Force in 1941. Later, as Commissioner for Finance, French Committee of National Liberation, Algiers, he represented France at Bretton Woods. Minister for National Economy in the de Gaulle Government, he resigned when his financial recovery plan was rejected.



**ANOTHER WORLD-RECORD: MISS D. S. LEATHER.**

Miss D. S. Leather, the first woman to run a mile in under five minutes, set up a new world record at the White City on June 19 when she won the half-mile in the Women's A.A.A. championships in 2 mins. 9 secs., beating the world record by 5½ secs. In this remarkable race the first five runners all beat the world record.



**AT GLASGOW UNIVERSITY: DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE, WITH HER HUSBAND AND SON, TALKING TO MR. KRISHNA MENON.**

Dame Sybil Thorndike, who recently celebrated the golden jubilee of her first appearance on the stage, visited Glasgow University on June 16 to see her husband, Sir Lewis Casson, the actor, receiving an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Dame Sybil can be seen in this photograph with her husband and her son, John, talking to Mr. Krishna Menon, India's representative at the United Nations, who also received an honorary degree.



**INJURED IN A MOTOR CRASH: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.**

The eighteen-year-old Duke of Kent, who was taken to hospital after suffering head injuries in a motor accident on June 20, is seventh in line of succession to the Throne, and is an officer-cadet at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. He is the elder son of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and the late Duke of Kent.



**THE CRASH IN WHICH THE DUKE OF KENT WAS INJURED: THE SCENE NEAR SUNNINGDALE, SHOWING THE DUKE'S CAR (RIGHT) AND THE OTHER CAR INVOLVED IN THE COLLISION.**

On June 20 the Duke of Kent was taken to hospital with head injuries after his shooting brake, which he was driving, was involved in a collision with another shooting brake near Sunningdale in Berkshire. Both the vehicles involved can be seen in this photograph. The driver of the other car, Mr. R. Highton, was badly shaken but unhurt. The Duke was taken first to St. Peter's Hospital, Chertsey, and later to a London Hospital.



**AWARDED THE 1954 ALBERT MEDAL: SIR AMBROSE HEAL.**

The gold Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts for 1954 has been awarded to Sir Ambrose Heal "for services to Industrial Design." Sir Ambrose, who is eighty-one, is head of Messrs. Heal and Son, Ltd., the famous firm of furniture manufacturers. In 1939 the Council of the Royal Society of Arts appointed him a Royal Designer for Industry.



**APPOINTED A ROYAL DESIGNER FOR INDUSTRY: MR. WILLIAM LYONS.**

Mr. William Lyons, Chairman and Managing Director of Jaguar Cars, Ltd., Coventry, has been appointed by the Council of the Royal Society of Arts to the distinction of Royal Designer for Industry. The number of living recipients of this honour, the highest to be obtained by eminent industrial designers, is limited to forty.



**IN LONDON: HERR RAAB, THE AUSTRIAN FEDERAL CHANCELLOR.**

Herr Raab, the Austrian Federal Chancellor, arrived in London on June 16 for a four-day visit as a guest of the Government. In the evening he dined with Sir Winston Churchill at 10, Downing Street. On June 18 the Austrian Chancellor was received in audience by the Queen at Windsor Castle. Herr Raab has been Chancellor since April 1953.



**OFFERED THE TRADITIONAL MILK AND DATES: M. LACOSTE, THE NEW FRENCH RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO.**

M. Francis Lacoste recently arrived in Morocco to take up his appointment as French Resident-General in Morocco, in succession to General Guillaume. M. Lacoste, who is forty-eight, is a member of the Foreign Service and has first-hand knowledge of Morocco where he served in 1947 and 1948.



**VICTOR IN THE GOLD COAST ELECTIONS: DR. NKUMAH.**

The final figures for the Gold Coast General Election held on June 15 showed an overwhelming victory for Dr. Nkrumah's Convention People's Party which won 71 seats out of a total of 104. Dr. Nkrumah was invited by the Governor, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, to form the country's first all-African Cabinet.



**VISITING JORDAN: KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA (LEFT) WITH KING HUSSEIN, WHO MET HIM AT THE AIRPORT.**

On June 13 King Saud of Saudi Arabia arrived in Amman for a four-day State visit at the invitation of King Hussein. It was King Saud's second visit to Jordan within the past nine months, the previous occasion being when he was Crown Prince.

## LAND, SEA AND AIR: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS FROM TWO CONTINENTS.



THE ROYAL NAVY'S LATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: H.M.S. *BULWARK*, SISTER-SHIP TO *CENTAUR* AND *ALBION*, LEAVING BELFAST FOR HER SEA TRIALS.

Earlier this spring two new aircraft-carriers of the "Hermes" class (20,000 tons), H.M.S. *Albion* and H.M.S. *Centauro*, began their trials; and early in June a third of this class, H.M.S. *Bulwark* (built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Ltd.), began her trials. This class was laid down about ten years ago, discontinued for some years, and recently finished with many improvements.



THE RUSSIAN CRUISER *NAKHIMOV*, WHICH PASSED THROUGH THE DARDANELLES ON A RECENT VISIT TO ALBANIA AND RETURNED ON JUNE 7. SHE APPEARS TO BE A NEW SISTER-SHIP OF *SVERDLOV* (12,800 TONS), WHICH ATTENDED THE CORONATION REVIEW.



BLOWING UP HIS MINE-SHOES: A SAPPER DEMONSTRATING A NEW DEVICE FOR USE IN MINEFIELDS.

On June 15 the Royal Engineers staged at Sidbury Hill, near Tidworth, a demonstration of assault engineering and the like. Of particular interest was a dog trained to hunt out mines; and the pneumatic shoes shown above. The purpose of the latter is to spread the weight and so enable a sapper to move with greater safety while sweeping a minefield.



THE EXPERIMENTAL MINE-SHOES, WHICH ARE NOW BEING TESTED BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS. THEY ARE PNEUMATIC AND THEIR PURPOSE IS TO SPREAD THE WEIGHT.



THE TWO SURVIVING PASSENGERS FROM THE SWISS AIRLINER CRASH: MISS METCALF (LEFT) AND MISS WATSON.

On the night of June 19 a Swissair *Convair* aircraft, flying from Geneva to London Airport with five passengers and four crew, landed in the sea about a mile from Folkestone. The crew and two passengers were rescued by boats, which found them swimming in the sea; but two women passengers and a boy of ten were lost and are presumed drowned. It is suggested the aircraft ran out of fuel through a leakage.



AN "AIR RAID" ON PETERSBURG—VIRGINIA: ONE OF THE SCENES DURING THE U.S. NATIONAL CIVIL DEFENCE TEST OF JUNE 14. THE "ALERT" LASTED TEN MINUTES. On June 14 American and Canadian cities participated in a Civil Defence test. The actual test lasted ten minutes, during which all normal activity ceased and all members of the public went to air-raid shelters. In New York three atomic bombs were supposed to have fallen and the "death-roll"—for the purpose of the exercise—was estimated at 2,175,000. The basic idea of the exercise was a supposed attack by 425 enemy aircraft, carrying atomic weapons and approaching from the North Polar regions.



BEATING BANNISTER'S MILE RECORD: THE AUSTRALIAN, J. M. LANDY, AHEAD OF C. J. CHATAWAY, IN THE RACE IN FINLAND IN WHICH HE SET UP THE NEW RECORD TIME OF 3 MINS. 58 SECS. A little over six weeks after R. G. Bannister had run the world's first mile in under four minutes—in 3 mins. 59.4 secs.—at Oxford, the Australian J. M. Landy, running at Turku, Finland, on June 21, lowered this record to 3 mins. 58 secs., also making a new record of 3 mins. 41.8 secs. for the 1500 metres. Like Bannister, Landy was paced by Chataway.

# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I WONDER very much what future ages will make of Arthur Macrae's farcical comedy, "Both Ends Meet," if the dust is ever flicked from it. Will the subject still be current, say, a century on, or will playgoers have long ceased to laugh at it? It may be then, of course, a theme for tragedy: dramatists may write of tax inspectors with a real and agonised fervour. Thalia will have yielded to Melpomene.

Briefly, Mr. Macrae's play is all about income tax. At present this is accepted as a matter for wry jesting. We laugh grimly at ourselves while the teeth are drawn, and delight to pretend that the average tax inspector is a kind of Front-de-Bœuf: "Tell down thy ransom, and rejoice that at such rates thou canst redeem thee from a dungeon, the secrets of which few have returned to tell." Theoretical tax evasion is a kind of parlour game. How to make a happy return? How far can one get before the dragon pounces?

I am sure that these dragons—here I reach for the soft soap—are the mildest of people, though maybe Mr. Macrae's two representatives at the Apollo Theatre are not found in every office. There is the dear man (smoothed along by Richard Pearson) who has come to deliver a writ, and who regards the whole business as embarrassing; and there is the young official who, though at first he seems to be glumly precise, a pound-of-flesh man, glows into a gay daredevil. I had hoped we should see some senior official. Mr. Macrae might have had his fun with those dogmatic documents, those minatory Final Demands. This pleasure is denied. All the other "buff-envelope boys" are off-stage. We are left with the taxpayers as they tax their brains—both in seeking how not to pay, and then, in trying to recover when they realise they have said too much, given themselves away in front of Authority.

In this piece, Authority is the young man who wants to marry Mr. Davenport's ward. Mr. Davenport writes revues. He is one of the dear people of the Drama, usually lodged in Knightsbridge or Chelsea—or even, at a pinch, Hampstead—who have an agreeably vague way with their earnings; they are affronted when the Commissioners of Inland Revenue begin to take an interest. Unluckily, the ward's friend is a buff-envelope boy. He has tried to gloss the thing over by calling himself an "accountant," which sounds better. And an accountant, so Davenport holds, ought to be lifebuoy and raft for a sinking man.

Presently, and against his will, the youth has heard the darker confidences of Davenport's ally, a solicitor

no doubt Latin blood. Mr. Raymond wriggles most engagingly; so does Mr. Macrae. Brenda Bruce delivers a series of orations by twitching an eyelid now and then, or slightly pursing her mouth; and Richard



"EVERYTHING IN THIS SWARRY DEPENDS ON THE TRIMMINGS. MR. COWARD KNOWS HOW TO GARNISH WILDE": "AFTER THE BALL" (GLOBE), BASED ON WILDE'S "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN," AND DIRECTED BY ROBERT HELPMANN, A SCENE FROM ACT III, IN WHICH LADY WINDERMERE (VANESSA LEE) GIVES HER FAN TO MRS. ERLYNNE (MARY ELLIS; CENTRE) AND THE DUCHESS OF BERWICK (IRENE BROWNE; LEFT) LOOKS ON.

Easton (the young dragon of the Inland Revenue) gives as his helpful advice, "Pay up and smile": four words that, in this Knightsbridge flat, must be regarded as sable treachery.

The dramatist has approached his subject with the sternest concentration. There is no secondary theme. We cannot enter the "bays and backwaters" that, as Mr. Masefield has said, are often the best parts of a narrative. All is confined to this matter of tax. Pass round the hat for your credit's sake, and pay, pay, pay! At the interval one begins to wonder whether Mr. Macrae can keep it up. He seems to have said everything that can be said. Certainly, on the first night, the sudden appearance of that trusted stage property, a legacy from a rich aunt (in Zurich this time) did not raise our spirits. The play, we felt, must fall. It does not fall, because Mr. Macrae, with a generous gesture, suddenly flips a couple of aces from his sleeve.

We are in the presence of Alan Webb and Miles Malleon, a pair of veterans who in their day have heard the Parisian chimes at midnight. I do not propose to say what they have to do with the plot; I had at first a wild hope that they might prove to be two of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in person. Wild indeed. But why fret? We have Mr. Webb, jauntily gay, and just as jaunty when peevish; and

Mr. Malleon, in a huff-and-puff and a cheerful apoplectic frenzy. Thanks to them, the comedy, directed neatly by Peter Brook, does kick up its heels until the last; and I imagine that there are enough taxpayers, as well as members of the Inland Revenue, to enable it to make both ends meet for quite a time—though I cannot speak for posterity. (How much in the pound a century from now?)

While listening to "After the Ball" at a neighbouring theatre, the Globe, I felt that Noël Coward might have done better to have collaborated with Mr. Macrae than with the ghost of Oscar Wilde. (No doubt then we should have had the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in full and genial chorus.) But he has preferred to turn "Lady Windermere's Fan," of sixty years ago, into a musical play that rests upon its music. This is always easy to hear, and the lyrics are crisp and witty. (It must be the first time that Emily Brontë and Mrs. Humphry Ward have found themselves together in a musical comedy lyric.)

The night had an odd, misty, behind-the-gauze quality. I had to shake myself, unable to believe that those men-about-St. James's were really singing "London at night with the gas-lamps alight" in Lord Darlington's chambers, or that the Duchess of Berwick could be joining with enthusiasm in a number called "Something on a Tray." And the ghosts of I do not know how many women-with-a-past—the Tanquerays, the Danes, and so forth—gathered, gibbering in a dignified fashion, around the wings while Lady Stutfield, Lady Plymdale, and Mrs. Hurst-Green sang "Why is it the woman who pays?" Poor Mrs. Erlynne's drama has not much of a chance here, though Mary Ellis acts the part beautifully and sings a song or two as well. Everything in this swarry depends on the trimmings. Mr. Coward knows how to garnish Wilde. For the sake of his score we can endure the filleted melodrama and those cold-fish epigrams. The wittier tones of Wilde linger most audibly in Irene Browne's Duchess: a performance larger than life-size, and probably right in this setting. Elsewhere, Miss Ellis apart, we have the musical-comedy approach—sometimes successful, sometimes (as with the Lord



"NOËL COWARD HAS WITTILY OILED WILDE'S CREAKING INVENTION AND TURNED THE OLD PIECE INTO A SMOOTH-FLOWING MUSICAL PLAY": "AFTER THE BALL," SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH MRS. ERLYNNE TELLS LORD WINDERMERE THAT SHE TOOK HIS WIFE'S FAN IN MISTAKE FOR HER OWN. (L. TO R.) LORD AUGUSTUS (DONALD SCOTT), MRS. ERLYNNE (MARY ELLIS), MR. DUMBY (DENNIS BOWEN), LORD WINDERMERE (PETER GRAVES), MR. HOPPER (GRAHAM PAYN), CECIL GRAHAM (TOM GILL), LADY WINDERMERE (VANESSA LEE), AND LORD DARLINGTON (SHAMUS LOCKE).

Darlington) worrying. Graham Payn, dancing with spirit—and with Patricia Cree to join him—has the best of things as the Australian, Mr. Hopper; in the original, Hopper has barely a dozen speeches, but Coward lets him have a much better time, and "Faraway Land" is a beguiling tune. Certainly Coward's night: it is a pity that now and then he has to grab the nearest cliché.

Ruth Draper's Lady Bountiful would enjoy much of "After the Ball." That immensely gracious personage (back at the Duke of York's) is still opening the bazaar, still being tactful about cream-buns and painted tambourines, and still peopling the theatre with an entire village. Boston art gallery, municipal court, Mr. Clifford's three women—splendid, I agree, but nothing in the Draper list is more fully alive than this Lady Bountiful. When she puts her imaginary bouquet on a chair, she gets us to see the roses and to dread the thought that she may forget them when she goes off. The dear woman's smile would charm the entire Inland Revenue staff from its chairs and set the Commissioners themselves buying gilded bulrushes and iron-holders with tulips on them.



"THE COMEDY, DIRECTED NEATLY BY PETER BROOK, DOES KICK UP ITS HEELS UNTIL THE LAST; AND I IMAGINE THAT THERE ARE ENOUGH TAXPAYERS, AS WELL AS MEMBERS OF THE INLAND REVENUE, TO ENABLE IT TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET FOR QUITE A TIME": "BOTH ENDS MEET" (APOLLO), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY ARTHUR MACRAE, WITH (L. TO R.) TOM DAVENPORT (ARTHUR MACRAE), MARGARET ROSS (BRENDA BRUCE), SIR GEORGE TREHERNE (ALAN WEBB), LORD MINSTER (MILES MALLESON), JIM SCOTT-KENNEDY (CYRIL RAYMOND), CLARISSA DAVENPORT (JANE DOWNS), AND (ON FLOOR) EDWARD KINNERTON (RICHARD EASTON).

with a number of infallible plans for evasion. Davenport himself (played with appropriate anxiety by Mr. Macrae) has only built castles in the air. Thus he thinks, for some reason, of getting married in a collier in the North Sea (don't ask me how that would help). But his friend Jimmy (Cyril Raymond) has done much more; his bragging must come under the head of a Serious Revelation. It is a joy to listen to him while he tries to recant, to explain with an elaborate coyness, a pinkly distressed archness, that he is given to exaggeration, that it is in the family, in the blood,

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"BOTH ENDS MEET" (Apollo).—Arthur Macrae, making merry at the expense of the "buff-envelope boys" and their victims, does not tax our patience; and he has had the wit to write a pair of after-the-interval parts for Alan Webb and Miles Malleon. No need to make allowances here. (June 9.)

CENTRAL SCHOOL MATINÉE (Scala).—An afternoon of excellent performances at the annual matinee of the Central School of Speech and Drama. It was distinguished by the acting of Jeremy Brett, who won the principal prizes, and who was the Alceste in a scene—directed by Walter Hudd—from Miles Malleon's new verse translation of Molière's "The Misanthrope." (June 9.)

"AFTER THE BALL" (Globe).—Or, After "Lady Windermere's Fan." Noël Coward has wittily oiled Wilde's creaking invention and turned the old piece into a smooth-flowing musical play. Acting is mixed. (June 10.)

RUTH DRAPER (Duke of York's).—The whole battalion of Drapers. (June 14.)

BALLET RAMBERT (Sadler's Wells).—A new ballet, "Love Knots," with choreography by Jack Carter, was in the opening programme of a fortnight's season. (June 14.)

EVENTS, VARIED AND INTERESTING: IN BRITAIN,  
THE U.S., DENMARK AND BELGIUM.



"THE FESTIVAL OF BOYHOOD" IN WEMBLEY STADIUM ON JUNE 19: THE CELEBRATION BY THE BOYS' BRIGADE OF THE CENTENARY OF THEIR FOUNDER, SIR WILLIAM SMITH. ABOUT 40,000 WERE PRESENT. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A TENT-PITCHING CONTEST.



HEADING UP-RIVER *EN ROUTE* FOR THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD TO UNDERGO REPAIRS: THE UNITED STATES AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *BENNINGTON* PASSING UNDER THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE, NEW YORK. EXPLOSIONS ON BOARD THE *BENNINGTON* ON MAY 26, WHEN THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER WAS STEAMING OFF THE AMERICAN EAST COAST, CAUSED 102 DEATHS.



THE OLD VIC "HAMLET" AT ELSINORE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIRST PERFORMANCE GIVEN IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK, PRINCESS MARGRETHE, AND THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN.



SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE STAGE: "HAMLET" AT ELSINORE, WITH CLAUDIUS (LAURENCE HARDY) AND GERTRUDE (FAY COMPTON; CENTRE), AND, (LEFT) HAMLET (RICHARD BURTON) AND OPHELIA (CLAIRE BLOOM). THE CAST WAS PRESENTED TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.

The first of the three performances of "Hamlet" by the Old Vic Company at Elsinore was honoured by the presence of the King and Queen of Denmark and their daughter, Princess Margrethe, heir to the Danish throne, and the King and Queen of Sweden. The weather had been disagreeable, but rain held off for the performance, for which all seats were sold out. The Royal party occupied ornate seats in the front row. Mr. Benthall followed the novel method of transporting his Old Vic stage settings and placing them, with a few necessary modifications, on the Kronborg platform.



THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL TO ALCOCK AND BROWN AT LONDON AIRPORT: A SCENE DURING THE SHORT SERVICE OF DEDICATION.

On June 15, the thirty-fifth anniversary of the completion of their historic flight across the Atlantic, a memorial was unveiled at London Airport by Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, to Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitten-Brown. Our photograph, taken during the dedication by Group Captain the Rev. Gordon Hyslop, Assistant Chaplain of the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators, also shows on the dais Lord Brabazon (right) and Mr. Lennox-Boyd (behind microphone).



AMERICAN VETERANS RECALL THE "BATTLE OF THE BULGE" IN A CEREMONY IN WHICH THE OFFICIAL FLAGS OF THE FORTY-EIGHT STATES OF THE UNION WERE PRESENTED TO THE ARDENNES TOWN OF BASTOGNE, WHERE GENERAL MCAULIFFE LED A GALLANT STAND IN THE WINTER OF 1944-45. THE FLAGS ARE TO BE KEPT IN THE TOWN'S MUSEUM.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SILKS AND FURBELOWS.\*

By FRANK DAVIS.

MR. VILHELM SLOMANN, C.B.E., used to be Director of the Museum of Decorative Arts at Copenhagen and knows as much as, or more, about the early contacts of Europe with India than any other man of my acquaintance; indeed, I should not be surprised to be told that he knows more about this fascinating subject than anyone else in Europe. In 1949 he retired, and has now published a large volume with the formidable title of "Bizarre Designs in Silks," in which, by means of a wealth of references to contemporary records and numerous drawings and photographs, he traces the origin of the designs of a whole series of unusual patterns of silks of about the year 1700 to Indian sources. Such a theme, not without importance in the story of textile development, is clearly one of particular interest for specialists alone, and for that reason would scarcely warrant extensive notice on this page. But though his ostensible purpose is narrow, the evidence he brings forward is drawn from so wide a field and is so fascinating that, before the reader has reached half-way, he has probably forgotten why the book was written and finds himself absorbed in an account of what Europe learnt from India and how Europeans appeared in Indian eyes.

Whatever view you may take of the origin of the textiles he discusses, you will be in no doubt as to the bright light he throws upon the relationship between the Western world and India, and I can perhaps best draw attention to the virtues of the author's enquiry into that relationship by illustrating the fine full-length of the Earl of Denbigh which was presented to the National Gallery two or three years ago—a picture mentioned in the text but not there reproduced. This picture, which was once thought to be by Dobson, and is now accepted as by Van Dyck, must have puzzled many visitors, for it is, to say the least, unusual for elderly country gentlemen to go out shooting dressed in rose-pink silk pyjamas—and accompanied by a little Hindu page-boy wearing a yellow jacket and a red-and-white turban. The explanation is that in 1630 Charles I. had a passage booked for Lord Denbigh in one of the East India Company's ships to visit the Great Moghul. In 1633 he returned "full of jewels," and was so delighted with his beautiful Indian clothes that he insisted upon wearing them for his portrait. And how the greatest portraitist of his age, no stranger to fine silks, must have enjoyed this unusual commission!

Two things especially, says our author, we learned from India. First, the least important of the two, the use of starch, which apparently came to England via Holland in 1564. Large, stiff, turned-down or pleated standing collars were first seen by Europeans when they came to India and Ceylon, but—so runs the argument—the most grotesque European ruff can be traced back to a simple and dignified Indian fashion and the Indian knowledge of rice starch. The second thing we learned from India was personal cleanliness. All of us seem to have been an uncommonly disgusting lot by the sixteenth century after mediæval bathing had gone out of fashion (though it is possible that Mr. Slomann exaggerates), but it is certain that those few of us who saw India were enormously impressed by the custom of washing teeth and bathing several times a day; and the greatest of Islamic travellers, Ibn Batûta, writing in the fourteenth century, makes a special point of the fact that white linen or cotton sheets cover mattresses and blankets "When these sheets become dirty" he remarks "they wash them and mattresses and blankets remain clean." As for our own eighteenth-century habits, about 1750 an Anglo-Indian lady was invited to stay at Knole and asked whether she would be able to have her cold bath there. Lord George Sackville replied that there was not the least convenience of that sort at Knole, and therefore she had better send her bath-tub down by wagon.

I leave you to your travels, and come, without apology and apparently illogically, to Sir Thomas Lawrence, concerning

whom Mr. Kenneth Garlick has written a scholarly and excellent volume in the English Master Painters series. Lawrence, with his acute sense of theatre, would have obtained as much pleasure as I have from the pages of Mr. Slomann, and how he would have enjoyed the Earl of Denbigh's portrait!—first as a fine piece of painting, and secondly, because he was at heart a flamboyant romantic—this untutored infant prodigy who, at the age of twenty-one, could paint so mature, so lively and so well-organised a picture as the portrait of Queen Charlotte, which is plate No. 2 in the book, or, yet more surprising—No. 3, the full-length of the actress Miss Farren, later Countess of Derby, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The former happened to be hanging in the vestibule of the National Gallery when I was last able to look in, a month or two ago, and I thought how sensitive it is. Now—the book tells me what I ought to have known—it was painted in 1790. Is it surprising that, at the age of seventeen, this amazing youth had written to his mother "To any but my own family I certainly should not say this; but, excepting Sir Joshua, for the painting of a head, I would risk my reputation with any painter in London"?

It is fatally easy in thinking of Lawrence's imposing series of portraits of pretty women and handsome men to call to mind the glitter, the brilliance, the exaggerated theatricalism of so many of them, and disregard those others in which friendship and understanding enabled him to forget he was a fashionable painter. Mr. Garlick, among many other perspicacious remarks, suggests that "there is every reason to think that had he lived ten years longer" (he was sixty-one when he died) "he might have developed as a forcible painter of character," and produces as evidence such sensitive works as the portrait of John Nash in Jesus College, Oxford, and that of Mrs. Lock, of Norbury Park, a friend of forty years standing. Thomas Campbell wrote that "Lawrence's sitters seem to have got in a drawing room in the mansion of the blessed and to be looking at themselves in a mirror." Yet at every stage of his career, amid his perpetual money troubles—for he lived beyond his means every month of his life—for every half-dozen meretricious and flash productions (portraits of brainless ninnies or preposterous men) you

find one of compelling sincerity; for example, the early one of 1792—he was twenty-three—of Lady Georgiana Apsley, belonging to Earl Bathurst, in which the sitter is bending over her needlework, and the portrait of the Duke of Wellington (1814) at Apsley House, an official portrait which is neither wooden nor superficial.



"THE FIRST EARL OF DENBIGH"; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). (98 by 59 ins.)

This fine full-length portrait of the first Earl of Denbigh was presented to the National Gallery in 1945 by Count Antoine Seilern. It was once ascribed to Dobson, but is now recognised as the work of Van Dyck. Formerly in the collection of the Dukes of Hamilton, the painting was sold at Christie's in 1919, when it was acquired by the Denbigh family and hung at Newnham Paddox until 1938, when it came up at Christie's again in the Viscount Feilding sale and was bought by Count Seilern. Frank Davis notes the unusual costume of the subject—rose-pink silk "pyjamas"—and the gay dress of his Hindu attendant—a yellow jacket and red-and-white turban; and explains that "in 1630 Charles I. had a passage booked for Lord Denbigh in one of the East India Company's ships to visit the Great Moghul. In 1633 he returned 'full of jewels,' and was so delighted with his beautiful Indian clothes that he insisted on wearing them for his portrait."

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.

"Poor Sir Thomas, always something to worry him," said his housekeeper—money and a temperament, and then again money and a temperament, each of which would no doubt have dealt with efficiently by a sensible wife. Mr. Garlick does not suggest this, but he has some shrewd comments upon Lawrence's haphazard way of life, the steadfast fidelity of his friend Joseph Farington and his romantic ambitions to achieve the Grand Style which he believed he had attained in his "Satan Calling His Legions," at Burlington House—a piece which to us is but dreary rhetoric.

I hope I have not given the impression that this book is nothing more than an entertaining account of the life of a near-great and lovable painter, the admired darling of his age and generation. In nineteen pages of introduction the man and his work are discussed with admirable lucidity and understanding. About seventy pages are devoted to an exhaustive catalogue and a list of collections, etc. There are one hundred and nineteen illustrations.

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\* On this page Frank Davis reviews "Bizarre Designs in Silks; Trade and Traditions"; by Vilhelm Slomann. Frontispiece in Colour; 49 Plates; and Illustrations in the Text. (Published for the Ny, Carlsberg Foundation, by Ejnar Munksgaard, Copenhagen. About 75s.; bound 4 gns.); and "Sir Thomas Lawrence," by Kenneth Garlick, Assistant Curator of the Barber Institute of Fine Arts, Birmingham. 96 pages of Plates. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 53s. 6d.)

## RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: THINGS OLD AND NEW, SACRED AND SECULAR.



FIRST REVIVED IN 1951 AND PERFORMED AGAIN THIS YEAR: THE YORK MYSTERY PLAYS—A SCENE FROM "THE ADORATION OF THE CHILD," IN THE RUINS OF ST. MARY'S ABBEY AT YORK.

The York Mystery Plays which were first revived in 1951 after nearly 400 years, are being presented again this year from June 13 until July 4. The performances are being held in the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, and are presented by the York Festival Society in association with the Arts Council and with the support of the Corporation of the City of York.

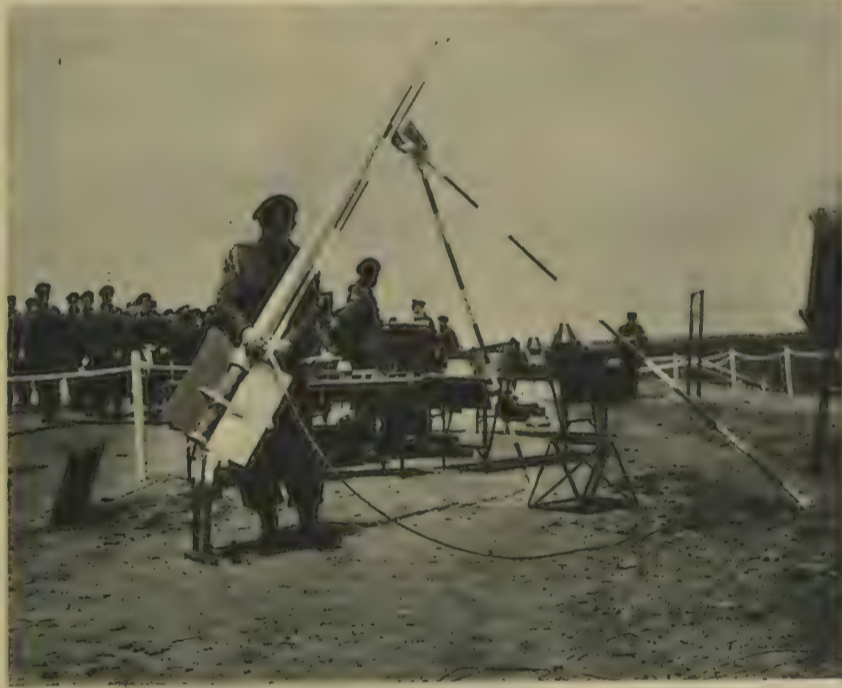


AN UNDERWATER STATUE: A BRONZE FIGURE OF CHRIST, DESIGNED BY A GENOESE SCULPTOR, WHICH IS TO BE ERECTED ON THE SEA-BED OF THE BAY OF SAN FRUTTUOSO, WEST OF PORTOFINO, ON THE LIGURIAN COAST.



THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL SIDE-CAR EVENT IN THE MANX T.T. RACE SINCE 1925: A SCENE AT PARKFIELD CORNER AT THE START.

Eric Oliver, on a Norton, won the international side-car event in the Manx T.T. race on June 16. It was the first side-car race to be included in the programme since 1925. Eric Oliver, who is forty-three, won at an average speed of 68.87 m.p.h.



DEMONSTRATED BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS AT TIDWORTH: A NEW ROCKET-PROJECTED HOLDFAST WHICH CARRIES A WIRE CABLE ACROSS A RIVER OR RAVINE.

A new Rocket-Projected Holdfast was recently demonstrated by the Royal Engineers at Tidworth. This provides a means of projecting a steel wire cable across a river or ravine up to a maximum height of 800 ft. The Holdfast embeds itself and provides an anchorage of about 5-ton pull, depending on the soil.



FOUND IN THE UNFINISHED STEP PYRAMID AT SAKKARA: A STONE VESSEL AND A NUMBER OF GOLD BRACELETS AND CORNELIAN BEADS.

Some of the jewellery unearthed by Dr. Goseim in the unfinished step pyramid at Sakkara can be seen in this photograph. The jewellery, found in the main corridor leading to the tomb of the unknown Pharaoh, includes gold bracelets, a large number of beads, and a beautiful small box embossed in gold (not shown).



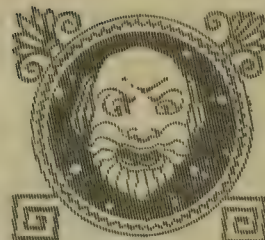
WATCHING A PAGEANT OF THE LIFE OF ST. BONIFACE: (L. TO R.) CARDINAL WENDEL, OF MUNICH; CARDINAL FRINGS, OF COLOGNE, AND CARDINAL GRIFFIN, OF WESTMINSTER. Members of the Roman Catholic clergy and laity from Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Holland, France and Denmark gathered in Plymouth for a two-day Congress in honour of the twelfth centenary of St. Boniface. At the end of the Congress, on June 20, Cardinal Wendel sang Pontifical High Mass.



# THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

## THE INSIGNIFICANCE OF FATHER BROWN.

By ALAN DENT.



PERCHED on top of a terrestrial globe in my study—a globe sadly out of date, because it is twenty years old—is G. K. Chesterton's old and battered black wide-awake hat, which I procured at Beaconsfield (never mind how!) shortly after the great man's death. It is about the last of my possessions which I should ever sell or give away. It is both a solace and a symbol. It seems to me to shelter my globe—and hence "the great globe itself"—from dementia and strife, from stupidity and barbarism, from cruelty and the threat of chaos. It seems to me—this dear old shabby hat that now shelters my globe as it used to shelter a gigantic man of great humanity and humour and vision—to be doing its best to deliver us from evil.

But this, alas, must be a Dentian essay on the film of "Father Brown" and not a Chestertonian essay on his headgear—a talk, as it were, through his own hat! As a matter of fact, I digress at the very outset because I am—unChestertonianly—stumped by the film, and for once in a way find myself short of views. It does not represent Chesterton, or even the somewhat heavy whimsicality of the "Father Brown" stories, truly and well. It does not even give us the best that is in Alec Guinness. This delightful actor gives us a delightful performance of a character who is subtly different from G. K. C.'s conception.

It really does not greatly matter that Mr. Guinness, with his physical means, cannot conceivably be made to conform to the description of him in the stories:—"The little priest had a face as round and dull as a Norfolk dumpling; he had eyes as empty as the North Sea; he had several brown-paper parcels which he was quite incapable of collecting." Of this early description Mr. Guinness is able to fulfil only the parcels. These he mismanages in a very comical way, but he is in his features so slight and his face is so unlike either a full moon or a dumpling that he reminds us rather of the Private Secretary in the old farce than of Father Brown. His eyes, moreover, are not empty at all. Behind his glasses they are full of all kinds of qualities, including shrewdness, benignity, indignation, and trust. But when the glasses get lost or broken we get an ecstasy of myopia which the actor, backed by some ingenious blurred camera-work, makes almost the funniest thing in the film. And it *does* matter that Mr. Guinness is given far too few opportunities to rival Father Brown's real significance.

In outline here is the plot, so far as I can follow it. We first see Father Brown at dead of night handling wads of bank-notes at the open door of a safe. The police discover him and arrest him, and he has to spend a night in gaol. In the morning he convinces his captors that he had been "uncommitting a burglary"—i.e., replacing money stolen by an unregenerate

friend (Sidney James). He finds this friend employment as chauffeur to a young lady of title who is one of his own parishioners (Joan Greenwood). This lady owns a set of Cellini chessmen which are coveted by a suave international crook called Flambeau (Peter Finch). Flambeau covets with an even greater intensity

Father Brown and secures the cross. He adds it to his great and secret gallery of treasures, which he keeps in a remote castle in Burgundy.

Through a characteristic mix-up of sheer coincidence and wild illogicality Father Brown discovers this castle by way of a wine-label and a fantastic ancient eagle



"THIS DELIGHTFUL ACTOR GIVES US A DELIGHTFUL PERFORMANCE OF A CHARACTER WHO IS SUBTLY DIFFERENT FROM G. K. C.'S CONCEPTION": ALEC GUINNESS AS "FATHER BROWN" IN THE FILM OF THE SAME NAME (PLAZA, JUNE 10). IN THIS SCENE HE IS ON HIS WAY FROM ENGLAND TO ROME WITH THE SAPPHIRE CROSS OF ST. AUGUSTINE AND MEETS INSPECTOR VALENTINE (BERNARD LEE—LEFT), WHO IS POSING AS A CAR SALESMAN.

a sapphire cross which once belonged to St. Augustine and which hangs, improbably unshielded, in Father Brown's church. The bishop (Cecil Parker) allows the innocent-looking Father Brown to convey this cross to Rome rather than have it conveyed by a police escort which would be more obvious and therefore less safe. But Flambeau, in the middle of the film, outwits

of a man who is a librarian (Ernest Thesiger). Flambeau, when tracked down, gives the traditional answer of the unscrupulous aesthete. He is a super-kleptomaniac, not a crook. He must own what he admires, and therefore is obliged to appropriate. He is mystified, though, by an argument which Father Brown advances for his improvement and is moved to the enquiring:—"What is it you want—my soul or your cross?"

This is one of the very few instances in the film which stress the ultimate point of the stories—the point that Father Brown is anxious only to free the souls of criminals, whereas the police (with whom he finds himself so often in friction) are eager only to imprison their bodies. The clash is not brought out at all clearly. Yet it is the crux of the whole series of incredibly tall yarns—the acme to which, so to speak, the incredible tallness of the yarns aspires.

The film seems to me almost entirely to miss this "total gesture," and this fundamental fault must be laid at the doors of Thelma Schnee and Robert Hamer, who between them have adapted and directed it. The contributory performances by everyone I have already named are comic and captivating, and Mr. Guinness, himself, could not give a dull performance if he tried. But the film as a whole gives a disconcerting impression of being a number of episodes which are not properly strung together, and of missing the wild logic which must be the basis of all successful fantasy. Worst of all the voice of Chesterton is heard hardly at all, except in the shape of a watered-down paradox here and there, as when Father Brown says to his unsuccessful burglar:—"You're clearly incapable of earning a dishonest living!"

The only time I ever set eyes on the great man himself, he was grunting and wheezing in a barber's chair at Beaconsfield. It was a tiny shop, with but one barber; and I was the only other customer and had the honour to wait my turn. Never in my life did I wait more patiently. But alas, the great G. K. C. said nothing at all in that immortal quarter of an hour excepting "How much?" at the end of it. When he had gone, the barber said to me:—"He's always like that. He's as good as gold, but he hardly says a word!" In the film of "Father Brown" the real Chesterton has almost as little to communicate as he communicated to the Beaconsfield barber.



"THE FILM AS A WHOLE GIVES A DISCONCERTING IMPRESSION OF BEING A NUMBER OF EPISODES WHICH ARE NOT PROPERLY STRUNG TOGETHER, AND OF MISSING THE WILD LOGIC WHICH MUST BE THE BASIS OF ALL SUCCESSFUL FANTASY": "FATHER BROWN" (COLUMBIA), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH ALEC GUINNESS AS G. K. CHESTERTON'S FAMOUS "FATHER BROWN" WATCHES FLAMBEAU (PETER FINCH), DISGUISED AS AN AUCTION ROOM PORTER, HANDLING THE CELLINI CHESSMEN BELONGING TO LADY WARREN (JOAN GREENWOOD—LEFT).

## A QUEEN'S DOLL, TOYS MADE BY A WAR HEROINE IN PRISON, AND OTHER EXHIBITS IN A COMING DISPLAY.

AN Exhibition of exceptional interest, "Dolls Through the Ages," has been organised in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, and will open at 45, Park Lane on July 8, and remain open until July 31. The Queen has graciously consented to lend two dolls. One, which we reproduce, is a portrait doll representing an old porter at Kensington Palace, once a plaything of Princess (later Queen) Victoria. It possibly represents Mr. T. Hilman, the Duchess of Kent's House porter at Kensington Palace throughout Queen Victoria's childhood. Mrs. Odette Churchill, G.C., a heroine of World War II., who is Chairman of the Exhibition, has lent two dolls made by her during her ordeal as a prisoner in German hands. She was asked to do sewing for the military; refused to do anything to help enemy war efforts, but consented to make children's toys. Admission to the Exhibition will be 2s. 6d., children under 16, 1s.; except Thursdays, when it will be 10s., with special guides; children under 16, 2s. 6d.



ONCE THE PROPERTY OF ALICIA BOLEYN, COUSIN TO ANNE BOLEYN: A DOLL OF 1470. (Lent by Major L. H. Plummer.)



BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED IN EARLY VICTORIAN FASHIONS: TWO WAX DOLLS DATING FROM 1840. (Lent by Mrs. Alan Henderson and Lieut.-Commander Maclure.)



WEARING A SEALSKIN HAT PERCHED ON ELABORATELY DRESSED HAIR: A DOLL OF 1901. (Lent by Miss Ingham.)



A HOUSEWIFELY DOLL WEARING A STRIPED DRESS, AN APRON AND A CAP, DATING FROM 1780. (Lent by Mrs. R. H. Hyde-Thomson.)



ATTIRED IN SUMPTUOUS LACE TRIMMED VICTORIAN BALL DRESSES WITH LONG TRAINS: TWO DOLLS DATING FROM 1880. (Lent by Mrs. Trounwell and Miss Foxhunter.)

Photographs by Angus McBean.



MADE BY MRS. ODETTE CHURCHILL, G.C., DURING HER ORDEAL AS A WAR PRISONER IN NAZI HANDS. SHE HAD REFUSED TO UNDERTAKE ANY SEWING WHICH MIGHT HELP ENEMY WAR EFFORT, BUT CONSENTED TO MAKE TOYS FOR CHILDREN. (Lent by Mrs. Churchill, G.C.)



REPRESENTING AN OLD PORTER, POSSIBLY MR. T. HILMAN, AT KENSINGTON PALACE: A PORTRAIT DOLL WITH WHICH PRINCESS (LATER QUEEN) VICTORIA PLAYED. (Graciously lent by her Majesty the Queen.)

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ONE perfectly new growth in literature is the sense of the past. Or, at any rate, *our* sense of it is a new growth. Till fairly recently, it had no sacred character; its rôle was to supply food for the imagination, on the easiest terms. Therefore, what every schoolboy knew, including what he happened to know wrong, seemed quite enough of it to be going on with. But since then, we have lost our innocence. There could be no more striking measure of the change than to compare "Ivanhoe" with such a masterpiece of the new school as "Leopards and Lilies," by Alfred Duggan (Faber; 12s. 6d.)—where it is assumed that all imaginings are null and void, till they have strict reality to work on.

Though, of course, Mr. Duggan stands alone. He knows the feudal centuries like his back yard, and shows them off as a unique and pungent blend of physical immediacy, consistent thought, and unrelenting foreignness. This time, his cue is "that fantastic Charter." Margaret fitzGerold is thirteen: a little young for marriage, but it will be a good thing to dispose of her before the fighting starts. And there is now a first-rate chance. She can have the only son of Count William de Redvers—because the Count is not intending to join up, and Margaret's father is a Chamberlain. His part will be to stave off trouble with King John. And little Baldwin must get married, and produce an heir; for he may die at any minute. As for the bride's consent, it is not only free but rapturous. She is becoming a great lady; and at fourteen, she has become a widowed mother, and a prize. But now King John may give her to some vulgar brute—while in the rebel camp, Louis of France would choose a "courteous French gentleman." Margaret decides to try her luck with him. But she is snapped up on the road, and handed to the base-born Falkes de Brealte—a Norman mercenary leader, with a whole string of shrievalties and castles. He is brisk, capable, good-tempered and intensely loyal; his band adore him, and really no one could help liking him. Margaret quite likes him herself; only she can't regard him as a human being, and, of course, all mercenaries should be hanged. Still, he has much to give, and later she can plead coercion and get rid of him. There is an opportunity on the King's death—but he is then a magnate of the realm, one of its thirteen regents, greater than the "little King." It seems to Margaret the wrong juncture. If he lost his power, if he became a liability, then she would have her child to think of. . . .

Margaret is eminently proper, zealous to do the right thing, to the world's applause. So there is crushing irony in her bad end. In Falkes we have a likeable and strange, and at the end pathetic element. And the author proves once more that he can tackle the obscurest situation, seemingly off-hand.

## OTHER FICTION.

Indeed, his baronial politics are quite as luminous as the intrigues of "Honey on the Hill," by Selig J. Seligman (Heinemann; 15s.). This is a novel of suspense, partly disguised as a moral lesson. It deals with "corruption in government," which Tony Custer has adopted as his walk in life. He came to Washington in 1942, served four years with the War Production Board, and then took his experience and contacts to a better market. Formally, he became a "Washington Consultant." His enemies call it a "fixer," and his own phrase is "red-tape specialist." He knows just where to turn; he can secure the contract, expedite the job, by-pass the waiting list. . . . Needless to say, he comes expensive. Besides, there is the threat of "normalcy." As it crept back, Tony's assignments ebbed away—till he was saved by the Korean War. But even that won't last; nothing will really set him up but a "big killing."

It presents itself as a machine-tool manufacturer from Cincinnati. Though it was not Gilbert's idea; Gilbert has no ideas, except what came down from his grandfather. But his wife Mona is of other stuff. To-day she sees a rare chance to expand, to be superbly rich, and fill an urgent need into the bargain. Only her husband wouldn't dream of it; and, anyhow—such are the methods of officialdom—it can't be done.

This job is Tony's masterpiece and downfall. The nation gets the tools; and Tony gets investigated by a Senate Committee, for want of a small bribe. He is condemned on wrongful grounds; and we are told this is quite proper. I thought it was the biggest scandal in the book. Till then, however, he has been pretty much the hero of an irregular, exceedingly involved, but in the main deserving coup.

"No Barrier," by Eleanor Dark (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is a historical novel of another type: the third in a huge sequence on the settlement of Australia. Here it is twenty-odd years old—still at the stage of Lamb's blithe innuendo on the colonists, "What do they do when they ain't stealing?" Though even then, he probably knew better. There has been time for born Australians to grow up, for old lags to become leading figures, and for their blameless neighbours to resent it. This volume covers the tail-end of the Bligh Rebellion, the arrival of Governor Macquarie and his first years of rule, and that supreme event, the building of a road over the mountains. Also it keeps up with the Mannion family, and with their ex-dependant Johnny Prentice, who ran off to the natives as a little boy. The scale of its map is a mile to the mile; after a long, long book, we are just six years further on. But it gets so appealing in a quiet way that one could easily go on for ever.

"The Man from the Turkish Slave," by Victor Canning (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), is about jewel-running to South America. The *Slave* is known to be involved; but what of the "big boys" and their methods? These are what Peter Landers has to trace. But at the crucial moment—at dead of night, just as he sees a package dropped into a fishing-boat—he is discovered and knocked overboard. A desperate swim brings him to the volcanic island of Alvaro, which, he soon realises, is the vital spot. And its idyllic charm sets off his probing for the traffickers, a deadly chase on the volcano, victory smashed down by a tidal wave, and a magnificent last act after the deluge. It is a lovely piece of work, even more smooth and satisfying than exciting.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## DANCING BEES AND NORMAN BLOOD.

ALTHOUGH I have a healthy respect for formic acid, bees have always held a fascination for me, from youth in the country and the Georgics in form. It was with pleasure, therefore, that I read "The Dancing Bees," by Karl von Frisch (Methuen; 16s.). This book by a noted Austrian scientist is perhaps—in spite of an excellent translation by Dora Ilse—a little heavy, a little Germanic. Nevertheless, whether for the apiarist or for the general reader, it is a book which is sure to command success. I remember once spending hours watching wasps in autumn trying to invade the honey stores in a number of beehives. Time and again a wasp would enter the beehive only to be dragged out by infuriated worker-bees and tumbled off the entrance board with its wings cut, its antennæ nipped, and at least one dying bee—for the wasp is larger and stronger than the individual bee—carried with it to its death in the grass. Herr von Frisch traces the life history of the bee from the making of the beehive to the diseases and parasites which can spell death to a whole colony. (Those who read that most fascinating book on insects, "The Hunting Wasp," will find a cross-check in this present volume.) I have often referred in this column, with abhorrence, to the "ant state" which seems to be, in moments of pessimism, the best that we can hope for as an alternative to the total destruction of human life. I am not sure, after reading Herr von Frisch's book, that the "bee state" is much preferable. There is, however, one advantage in the "bee state" for a member of my sex. That is, that all the males are drones, who do no work whatsoever—that being reserved for the little women, whose task it is to clean out the cells, feed the babies (and the drones), forage for honey, store it for the winter and protect the hive. It is perhaps a little humiliating to discover that the "little busy bee" which "improves each shining hour" is invariably a lady, and that when in the autumn they get fed up with having lazy drones idling about the house (I'm sorry; I mean hive) and waiting to be fed, they should throw them out and sting them to death, to which fate, as Herr von Frisch says, they submit "without offering the least resistance."

A race of busy bees, though they were aggressively male, was that of the Normans, whose invasion of this country is, as Mr. L. G. Pine, the editor of "Burke's Peerage," rightly says in "They Came With the Conqueror" (Evans; 21s.), the only date which almost any Briton can remember. I see that Mr. Pine has been under fire both from professional heralds and from possessors of ancient genealogies. This is not altogether surprising, as Mr. Pine sets out to trail his coat-of-arms. In short, this is a debunking book, disrespectful alike to his predecessors as editors of the world's most famous peerage (including Sir Bernard Burke himself), to previous members of the College of Arms, and to the cherished illusions of many of Britain's oldest—or, at any rate, proudest—families. As the title implies, his object is to put in their place (and in many cases a very honourable place it is, too) the descendants of the "Companions of the Conqueror." There are only, as he points out, some twenty-five of these whose names are admitted by reputable historians, and barely half-a-dozen families who to-day can claim direct male descent from one of them. The reasons are partly the uncertain tempers of our early Norman and Angevin kings, who treated their closest associates whom they raised to power in the way a Stalin treated a Lenin, or a Malenkov treated a Beria, and partly, of course, to the wholesale destruction of the mediæval aristocracy in the Wars of the Roses. Mr. Pine will not, I predict, be popular among his victims. On the other hand, if he destroys a few cherished illusions, he is at pains to point out the ancient nature and honourable achievements of many of the old families whose descent from the rapacious followers of the ferocious bastard Duke of Normandy he has to explode. Thus, he reverts frequently to the claims made by the Wakes of Courteenhall to be descended from Hereward the Wake, the last English hero. "The ironical facts about these pedigrees are that while the Wakes claim Saxon origin, they are one of the few who can be sure that their stock is Norman; and the Traffords, though claiming to have originated in 'King Canute the Dane, his time,' are probably Norman." Not the least interesting chapters in this book are those dealing with ancient families in America and the Commonwealth, and if perhaps he is noticeably more tender towards the claims to Norman descent of American families than to those of their United Kingdom counterparts, who shall blame Mr. Pine in these days when Boston has established its outposts in Burtonwood?

One of Mr. Pine's critics is, I see, Mr. Randolph Churchill. It is not unamusing to find this scourge of newspaper proprietors and politicians writing a first-class book of so quiet a scholarship and so unpolemical a sobriety as his "Fifteen Famous English Homes" (Verschoyle; 25s.). Mr. Churchill, himself a scion of Britain's greatest country house, Blenheim, writes with an affection not always totally untinted with malice about the other fourteen great houses he has chosen. The book is delightfully illustrated and the text enlivened with good things. Mr. Churchill's real

affection is rightly, from one of his name, reserved for Blenheim, Vanbrugh's masterpiece and a monument to a member of his house who was one of the greatest military leaders of all time, and the birthplace of another, his father, whose fame is imperishable. Mr. Randolph Churchill is to be congratulated on this pleasing and valuable book.

I note that that great Colonial administrator, Sir Philip Mitchell, dedicates his "African Afterthoughts" (Hutchinson; 18s.) "To the Colonial Service with admiration and gratitude." He does not dedicate it to the Colonial Office. Indeed, it would be difficult for an intelligent administrator of his calibre and with forty years' experience of service almost entirely in East Africa to praise (other than with faint damns) the shortsightedness and blunderings of men in Whitehall. Sir Philip writes naturally with the greatest interest and enthusiasm of the Kenya and Uganda which he served so long and so well. But the questions which he poses in relation to these territories apply in greater or lesser degree to all negroid Africa, and we shall fail to find answers to them at our peril.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

REMARKABLY little has appeared in the literature on the subject of how to save a lost game or the allied task of how to keep alive a desperate one.

Of course, the appraisal of such adjectives as "lost" and "desperate" is always directly linked with the standard of the play in general. Masters would regard as desperate some situations in which many a club player would canter on, blithely unconscious of the fact that there is anything wrong at all. Conversely, there may still be plenty of hope against a club player where, against a master in the same position, there would be none at all. Capablanca, who of all players was the hardest to beat—though by no means the hardest to rob of a half-point—excelled in a characteristic which is invaluable in helping you to avoid trouble: the ability to recognise trouble when it comes—or before. Euwe has remarked with admiration on Capablanca's unerring gift for perceiving the cloud on the horizon, even when it was no bigger than a man's hand.

Learn from Capablanca by schooling yourself to assess your situation cautiously and objectively. You are in your greatest peril when deep in some aggressive scheme of your own or so over-confident of the superiority of your position that it does not even occur to you to pause and ask, "Am I over-confident about all this?" As soon as you halt even momentarily for self-examination, you are half-saved already.

Supposing you have shelved self-examination too long; supposing you have been brought to your senses not by your own wisdom, but by a move patently exposing your unwisdom?

The first thing to remember is, that no opponent is a machine. World champions have blundered, in won positions as well as lost. To assume that your opponent will make the best move every time is misguided defeatism.

You will have to call up all your reserves of determination. In chess, as in almost every contest, physical toughness is of paramount importance. As no contestant is ever victorious unless endowed with the will to win, so, it is safe to say, no chess player has saved a hopeless game who did not hate to lose.

Of technical tips, I could offer not a few. If you study end-games at every opportunity with the aim of attaining your greatest proficiency in this department, you will reduce many an adversary from exultation to despair. I have seen amazing things happen, again and again, where there was a pronounced disparity between the end-game skills of two opponents, the rest of whose play and whose relative reputations would never have suggested it. If you are confident of your end-game skill, you need never lose heart until the game is over.

Never submit to the defensive for a moment longer than compelled. Nothing can unsettle an opponent more than an unexpected counter-attack in a situation where he has been counting on placidly "putting on the screw." Eternally in chess, "the best defence is attack."

In timed games, handling of the clock is of vital importance. Even Reshevsky has blundered when in time-pressure, though he invites it in every game. Analysing in a desperate position, it is easy to fall into the snare of using up all your time trying to find a quite watertight defence; with the consequence that your opponent soon has a won game on the clock as well as on the board. He makes an inferior move that might perhaps relieve the pressure—but you have robbed yourself of the time needed to work out the answer. Decide on a reasonably good move in a reasonable time! You thus give yourself an opportunity of pulling back if the chance does present itself.

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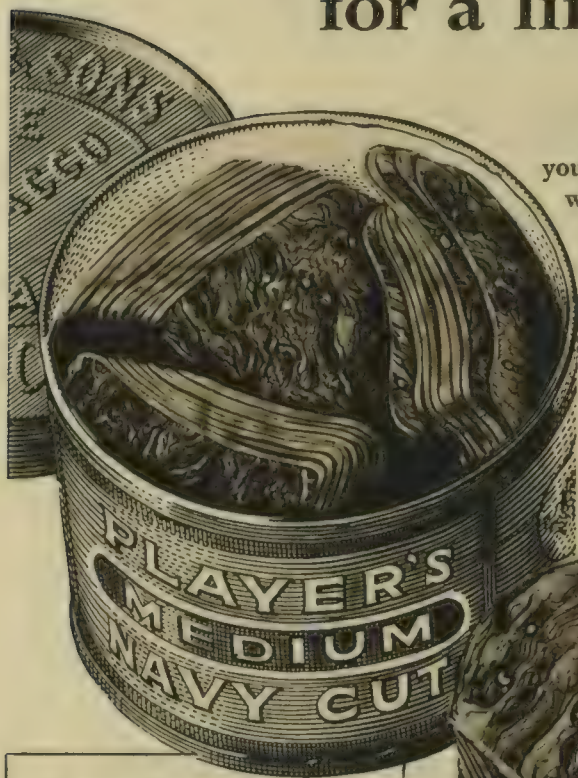
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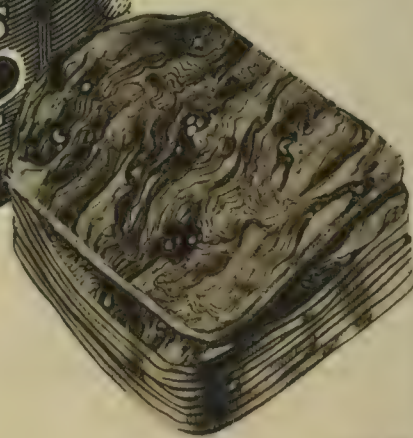
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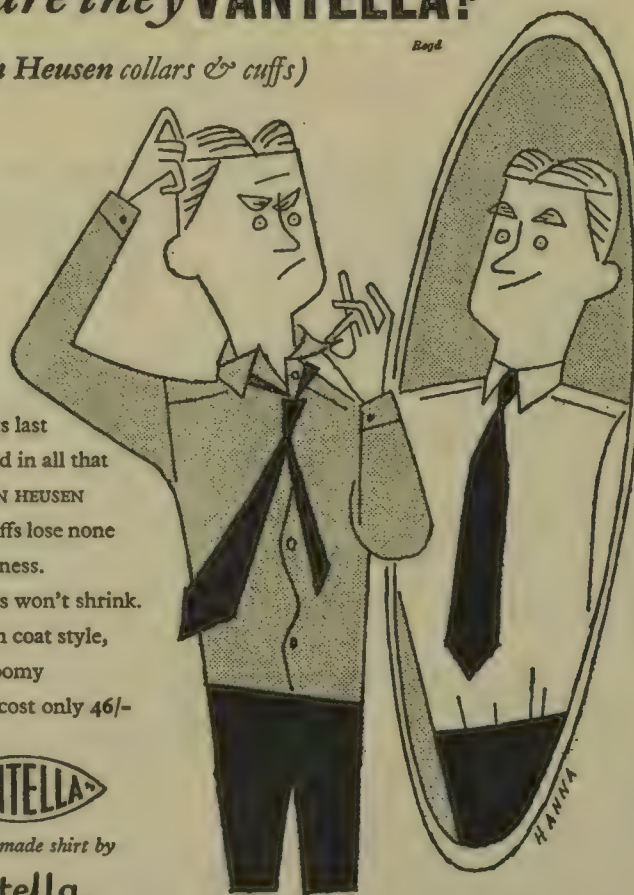
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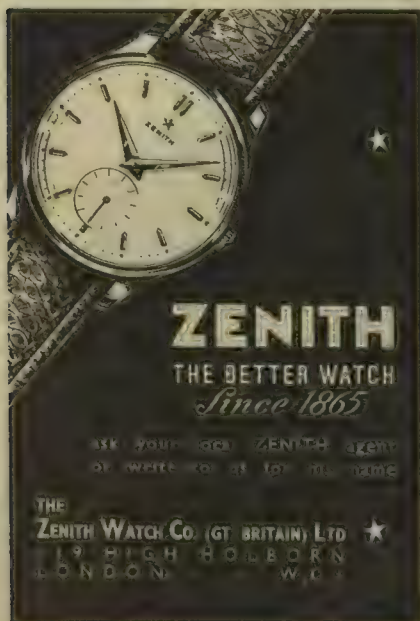
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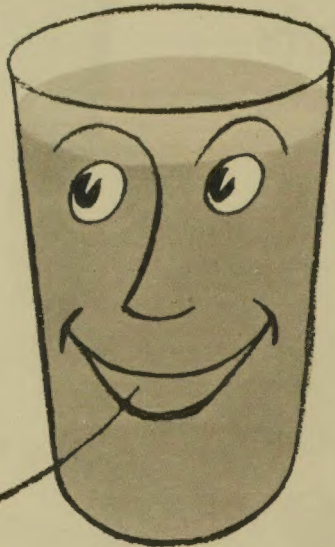


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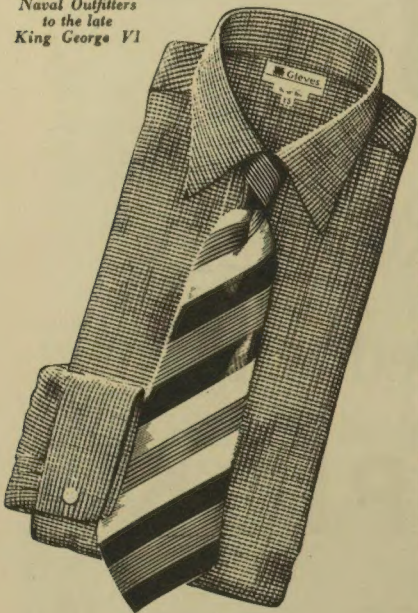
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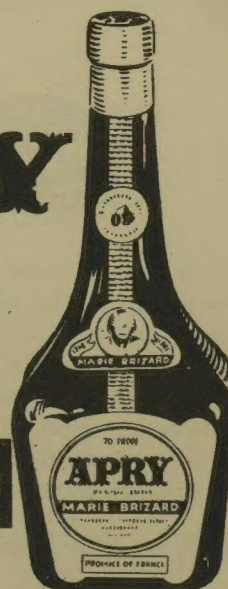
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